


FIFTY CENTS

DECEMBER 26, 1969

TIME

is
God
coming
back
to
life



Bronze, the timeless copper alloy, makes the new 60-story First National Bank of Chicago one of the most striking structures in the Loop. Architects C. F. Murphy Associates and The Perkins and Will Partnership chose enduring bronze for the handsome curtain wall rising 5 stories from the street. They also specified bronze for the entrance ways, interior balcony facade, writing tables, elevators, and lobby ceiling lights.

The warm beauty and dignity of bronze are primary reasons for its selection. Equally important are its durability and easy maintenance.

Builders have banked on bronze since 3500 B.C. And they still will do so in 3500 A.D.

Copper Development Association Inc.
405 Lexington Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10017

Bankers bank on bronze.

First National Bank of Chicago

 **COUNT ON COPPER**



Does anyone care where Ellen Farley lives?

Equitable cares. We think there's no reason in the world why being old should mean being deprived, especially when it comes to housing. We think old people should live better. That's why we're lending over a million dollars to build apartments for the elderly in Spokane. It's a small step, but it's a beginning—of one of the most important jobs we face today.

Whether it's housing for the elderly...or Living Insurance for family needs...helping people build a better life is what Equitable is all about.

THE  EQUITABLE

© The Equitable Life Assurance Society of the United States
New York, N. Y. 1969
An Equal Opportunity Employer, M/F

LETTERS

For Man of the Year

Sir: I nominate the Woodstock Nation as your Man of the Year. A city was created overnight, despite inclement weather, lack of food, lack of sanitation, disorganization. Yet here was one spot on earth, during these turbulent '60s, where there was PEACE.

STANLEY J. HORZEPA JR.

Waterbury, Conn.

Sir: Our astronauts: Neil Armstrong, Edwin Aldrin, Michael Collins, Charles Conrad Jr., Richard Gordon, Alan Bean.

W. C. HAWLEY

Cayce, S.C.

Sir: Spiro Agnew. Anyone who can put three television networks on the defensive can't be all bad or entirely wrong.

MAGDA K. JENSEN

Oakland, Calif.

Sir: "The Noisy Minority." They (we) hopefully have done more for this country than anyone else.

GUY RANDLETT

Squirrel Island, Me.

Sir: Who else? The Silent Majority, who will hopefully no longer be silent.

ANDREW COOPER

Syracuse

Sir: George F. Babbitt—the guiding spirit of the Great Silent Majority.

JOHN HELLEGERS

Tokyo

Sir: Uncle Sam. Amid war, peace, poverty, affluence, radicals, demagogues, criticism, praise, sit-ins, freakouts, insurgency, resurgence, hope and despair, he somehow survived his 193rd year.

BILL MODER

Sharon, Pa.

Sir: The one who has put enjoyment, entertainment and laughter into these troubled, complex times—that World War I flying ace, Snoopy.

(MRS.) MARY R. COVAGE

Swarthmore, Pa.

Sir: Mrs. Golda Meir, the Premier of a tiny country still bent on peace despite the threats of destruction all round.

RAYMOND SHASHOUA

Haifa, Israel

Sir: Billy Graham.

TRUMAN P. LAMBERT

Newport News, Va.

Sir: F. Lee Bailey.

H. J. LIMPRECTH

Omaha

Sir: Ho Chi Minh.

FREDERICK P. CICHON

RAYMOND SHEEHAN

Providence

Sir: The Mets!

BOB BERNOW

Marion, Ohio

Sir: The Viet Nam Veteran. Drafted to defend a dubious cause in which he has no interest, into an Army whose officers may cheat him, to fight through a hell of

swamps and heat on behalf of a corrupt government whose reluctant troops are incompetent—only to return, quick or dead, to a homeland where the enemy is encouraged by his contemporaries and many of his legislators and his own sacrifices are ridiculed. No Moon Man he.

JOHN R. MORRIS

Santa Monica, Calif.

Sir: After reading, in one issue of TIME, about Calley, Medina, Mrs. John Mitchell and this week's TV programs, let me be the first to nominate myself as Man of the Year, for having the wherewithal to put up with it all.

STEVEN SCHER

The Bronx, N.Y.

Sir: May I suggest man himself?

E. PANAGOPULOS

Manhattan

Evil and My Lai

Sir: Once again, TIME to the rescue. Your Essay [Dec. 5] said exactly what I have been trying verbally to crystallize for months. A little introspection by this country on its gut ills would do much toward world peace. Whoever promulgated the philosophy that any individual who questions the conduct and/or motives of his Government is un-American, pinko, etc., is in more trouble than he knows.

As one of the Silent Majority said to me recently: "I am a good American citizen. I stay home and mind my own business." The frightening thing is he believes it. This type of thinking is beyond my comprehension, but sadly it exists.

ROWLAND H. BARKER

Sellersville, Pa.

Sir: Sadder than the presence of evil is the fact that we need to be told of its existence.

JAN C. DOETSCH

Pittsburgh

Sir: If it weren't for the evil of the Viet Nam War, there wouldn't have been the evil of My Lai. Let's get our evils in the proper order.

Does the American conscience expect to purge its sins by flagellating itself with the horrors of irrational incidents arising from an irrational situation?

RICHAARD M. LAHN

Greenbelt, Md.

Sir: The alleged massacre at My Lai provides another look at the dark side of an America that batters and maims its children, has perpetrated unspeakable cruelties on generations of black men, vandalizes its universities, burns and loots its ghettos, assaults its fellowmen on the picket lines, and flouts all the traditional moralities.

GEORGE F. PLATTS

Ormond Beach, Fla.

Sir: Government troops today invaded a small town just five miles south of headquarters on what could best be called a "search and destroy" operation. Reports indicate that 40 or 50 villagers were killed, all infants. None of the adults in the town were killed, though some were injured in the clash. Troops went systematically from hut to hut seeking out and killing all male children under two years. A lieutenant with the troops was quoted as saying that the orders came from "high-

er up," and that it was suspected that subversives were hiding in the town.

A distraught father in the village is reported to have said that the supposed subversives had quietly slipped away from the town by night several weeks ago. He identified them as a man named Joseph, a woman named Mary and a baby boy. "This isn't the first time such terrorist tactics have been used," he said, "and it won't be the last."

LESLIE MCKOWN

Evansville, Ind.

Sir: Along with the heartache and nausea that came with learning about the alleged events at My Lai, I was consumed with the most frustrating feeling of impotency. I refuse to believe that it is our policy to destroy helpless children who cannot even comprehend this war. How dare those soldiers represent America and malign the efforts of servicemen who have fought with honor? God help us all when "war is hell" becomes the excuse.

SHARON SWENSON

Kohler, Wis.

Sir: I am ashamed to be an American.

ELIZABETH VAN LOAN

Birmingham, Mich.

Sir: It seems significant in itself that national publications are beginning to compare the U.S. to Nazi Germany.

SCOTT MATTHEWS

Cincinnati

Sir: Every American is shocked and saddened by Song My. But that what happened there was discovered, that we can and do react to it with shock, and sorrow and shame, is perhaps the greatest demonstration of what this war is being

MOVING?

PLEASE NOTIFY US
4 WEEKS IN ADVANCE.

Miss/Mrs./Mr.
Name (please print)

Address (new, if for change of address) Apt. No.

City State Zip

TO SUBSCRIBE TO TIME check rate below and fill in your name and address above.

- ☐ 1 year/\$12
☐ 2 years/\$18
☐ 3 years/\$23
☐ 5 years/\$30

MAIL TO: TIME,
541 North Fairbanks Court,
Chicago, Illinois 60611

ATTACH LABEL HERE for address change or inquiry, or attach page with name and present address, if moving, list new address above. Note: your subscription expiration date (month, year) within month, year is given at top of label. Example: If your label is green at expiration, it would read with the fourth issue of June, 1973.

Now... a new service that offers you stereo tape cartridges
—at great savings!

As your introduction, choose

ANY 3 8-TRACK CARTRIDGES

\$1.00
FOR ONLY plus mailing and handling

if you join now, and agree to purchase as few as four additional cartridges during the coming year, from the more than 600 to be offered

THAT'S RIGHT! You may have any 3 of the best-selling 8-track cartridges shown here—ALL 3 for only \$1.00! That's the fabulous bargain for new members who join and agree to purchase as few as four additional selections in the coming year.

AS A MEMBER you will receive, every four weeks, a copy of the Service's buying guide. Each issue contains scores of different cartridges to choose from—the best-sellers from over 50 different labels!

If you want only the regular selection of your musical interest, you need do nothing—it will be shipped to you automatically. Or you may order any of the other cartridges offered... or take no cartridge at all... just by returning the convenient selection card by the date specified. What's more, from time to time the Service will offer some special cartridges which you may reject by returning the special dated form provided... or accept by doing nothing.

YOUR OWN CHARGE ACCOUNT! Upon enrollment, we will open a charge account in your name. You pay for your cartridges only after you've received them—and are enjoying them. They will be mailed and billed to you at the regular Service price of \$6.98 (Classical and occasional special cartridges somewhat higher), plus a mailing and handling charge.

YOU GET FREE CARTRIDGES! Once you've completed your enrollment agreement, you'll get a cartridge of your choice FREE for every two cartridges you buy! That's like getting a 33 1/3% discount on all the 8-track cartridges you want... for as long as you want!

COLUMBIA STEREO TAPE CARTRIDGE SERVICE
Terre Haute, Indiana 47808

SEND NO MONEY—JUST MAIL COUPON

Columbia Stereo Tape Cartridge Service
Terre Haute, Indiana 47808

Please enroll me as a member of the Service. I've indicated below the three cartridges I wish to receive for \$1.00, plus mailing and handling. I agree to purchase four more selections during the coming year at the regular Service price under the terms outlined in this advertisement... and I may cancel my membership any time thereafter. If I continue, I am to receive an 8-track cartridge of my choice FREE for every two additional selections I accept.

SEND ME THESE 3 CARTRIDGES (fill in numbers below)

MY MAIN MUSICAL INTEREST IS (check one box only):

☐ Easy Listening ☐ Young Sounds ☐ Country

Name (Please print) First Name Initial Last Name

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

815-9/4F



American Myth No. 6



A will ends a widow's worries.

A will is a splendid start toward removing some of the worries besetting widows. Worries about taxes, real estate, securities, assets, investments, etc. But, sad to say, it's a myth that a will alone will end them. A will leaving everything outright to your family will impose heavy responsibilities on them depending on the size and scope of your estate.

One good solution to this serious problem—for those with estates in the \$500,000

range—is a Testamentary Trust, created by your will and set up with The First through your attorney. This way, you can leave your property in the hands of an experienced trustee who will manage it skillfully according to your wishes as set forth in your will.

For information about Testamentary Trusts, call Ward Farnsworth at The First. (312) 732-4300. Ending widows' worries is a rewarding part of his job.

The First National Bank of Chicago
Trust Department





In Rio, you're two hours from another century.

Two hours from Rio de Janeiro, you'll find Ouro Preto. It's little changed from the days when Aleijadinho, Brazil's Michelangelo, sculptured the wood and stone wonders that glorify its churches. To make sure that Ouro Preto will always stand as it does today, which is almost as it stood in the 1700's, Brazil made the whole town a museum of Colonial Portuguese art and architecture.

Then, an hour and a half from Rio by jet lies the 21st Century: Brasilia, capital of Brazil and a monument to

Brazilian architectural genius.

There are other cities. Each with its own distinctive flavor. There's Sao Paulo whose industry and endeavor have made it the fastest growing major city in the world.

Or there's Salvador, in Bahia, where the music of the Birimbau sets a beat that's uniquely Brazilian.

Or Manaus, a thousand miles up the Amazon. There you'll find an opera house that's seen some of Europe's finest opera companies.

Varig Brazilian Airlines can fly you from the United States to every one of Brazil's major cities.

Or, if you'd like to see several cities, or all of South America, we offer you a number of tours at surprisingly pleasant prices. And we fly to South America from New York, Los Angeles or Miami. Call your travel agent. Or call us. We'd like to take you to some different centuries.



VARIG

Brazilian Airlines

Varig serves more cities in South America than any other airline.

We need each other.

We run to noisy parties where everybody says how are you and nobody waits for the answer.

We ride the bus face-to-face for a half hour, and pretend to not even see each other.

We pass on the sidewalk every morning and don't even look at each other.

Our cities and our country get more and more crowded. We see hundreds of strangers every day.

And we've almost forgotten that each of us is still a person. Who needs

to be listened to, and talked to, and noticed.

It's a kind of loneliness we've never had before, and it's not healthy. For us, or our country.

It's not healthy for us because our minds and bodies weren't made to take the strain of living side-by-side, day after day, with people we don't know and can't trust.

It's not healthy for our country because people who don't look at each other and listen to each other will

never get together.

And we simply have to start working together and solving our problems, or we won't have a country much longer.

That's why Blue Cross/Blue Shield is asking you to remember one thing. None of us can make it on his own. Especially today.

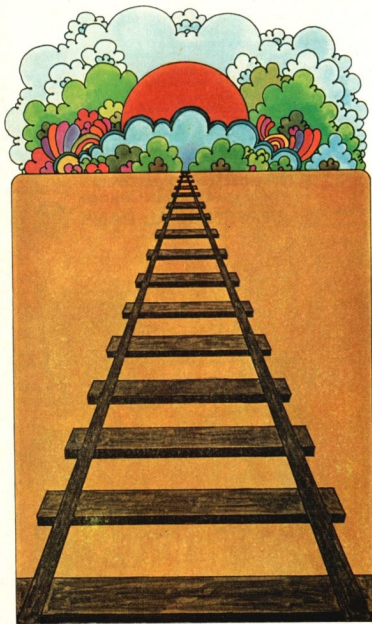
We need each other.

It's really that simple.



Blue Cross/Blue Shield

Somewhere, west of Chicago, lies the Land of the Burlingtons.



Meet Chicago's western neighbor,
the Land of the Burlingtons.

It stretches from Chicago to Aurora,
38 miles of it. With 26 Burlington
stations at exotic-sounding places like
Hinsdale, Western Springs, Naperville.

It's Chicagoland's wild, wild west.
Wild in its diversity.

Each community served by our
double-decked, stainless steel, air-
conditioned coaches is different. Each
offers something special.

Giraffes in Brookfield. Golf in
Oakbrook. Swimming in Naperville.

Our contribution to the Land of the
Burlingtons is bringing them all
together. And working together with
them, building better places to live,
work, and play.

Let us bring you to the Land of the
Burlingtons. The natives are all
different. But friendly.

Visit the Land of the Burlingtons

Burlington Railroad

"Six years and \$40 million ago, we were afraid Continental Bank might be too big for us."

"At that time, our net worth wasn't too substantial," recalls Birginal. "And we were an unusual kind of company. We were pioneering a new concept of selling wearing apparel—with a sales force of housewives working part time.

"It was hard to get financial people enthused about our prospects.

"But at Continental Bank, we discovered men who had a lot of experience working with companies our size. From the beginning they showed as much interest in our *potential* as in our balance sheet.

"They saw we had a different, but workable, selling concept. And they gave us the help we needed to double our sales, and then double them again. Last year, we were over the \$50-million mark."

Like many executives who run growing businesses, H. Edison

Birginal once suspected that the biggest bank in Chicago was interested in only the corporate giants. But that was in 1963.

Beeline Fashions, the company he had founded, was \$40-million smaller in annual sales. Because of its rapid growth, the firm needed considerable financial aid to expand.

As Beeline Fashions grew, Birginal found the *extra* services he needed always available.

In 1965, the bank became stock transfer agent when the company went public.

In 1966, Continental helped make the contacts that assisted Beeline's expansion into Canada.

This year, the bank begins administering the firm's profit-sharing trust.

Birginal says: "It's nice to work with a bank you don't outgrow."

At Continental Bank, you will find many stories like Ed Birginal's. The reason: Continental assigns a number of banking officers to *specialize* in specific areas like merchandising.

They're easy to reach. Just call 828-8134 in Chicago and ask for Bob Ruwitch or Ed Van Singel. Ask them what they can do to help your company grow.

It's what you'd expect from the biggest bank in Chicago.

CONTINENTAL BANK



Mrs. Arlene Ivanauskas directs in-home selling party for Beeline Fashions. Unique in the industry, this innovative direct sales program was the key to the company's success.

fought for—the right to react, to be outraged. An alternative to the hypocritical silence that covers the Communist world after a Hungary, a Prague, or a Hué.

CHARLES J. MYSAK

Washington, D.C.

Sir: Is it possible that everyone who has been in Viet Nam, or knows someone who has, knows of atrocities like those of My Lai?

I have heard similar, though smaller reports from returned servicemen—not rabid peaceniks but “average American boys” who defend their sickening conduct. I have done nothing about these accounts, and God knows what my guilt is. Am I the only one?

JANET SCHULTE

Portland, Ore.

Sir: You wonder why the people of this country have not become sufficiently outraged at what “supposedly” occurred at My Lai. I think most Americans are upset, but since in this country a person is supposed to be innocent until proved guilty, most of us are willing to await the trial when all the evidence will be presented before we make a determination with regard to Lieut. Calley and the others involved in the case. TIME, and the other news media as well, would do well to remember this when reporting the news.

GEORGE A. GAY

Washington, D.C.

Sir: I am somewhat amazed at the naïveté of Americans when it comes to fighting, killing, and war. They seem to have this idea that women and children are

holy, pure and innocent, and are incapable of killing as men do. Nothing like a bottle of Coke half filled with battery acid sold to you by a mama-san, or how about a sandwich with ground glass in it? And that nice little kid who left his bicycle parked next to the mess hall—five minutes after 12, three guys were dead, others wounded.

I am not excusing the alleged massacre, though in a way I'm not surprised. There is no glory, no honor, no justice in war. There is but one rule and one rule only—stay alive!

RICHARD DE A. CAREY

Manhattan

Sir: As a Viet Nam veteran, I think Lieut. Calley should be court-martialed, fined \$2, given a carton of cigarettes, promoted to captain and reassigned to the Pentagon. What I gather from reports is that My Lai was a V.C. village, and Charlie Cong is not a conventional soldier, but a toothless old woman, a goateed old man or a mine-setting little boy. Lieut. Calley and his men did no wrong. They just did their job—staying alive in a rich man's war but a poor man's fight.

W. T. BEAVERS SR.

Greenville, S.C.

Sir: How is it possible to wage a humane war? Is there a nice way to slaughter people? Can one be disemboweled or blown to bits in a benevolent and kind manner? So long as people allow themselves to be involved in wars, just so long will there be atrocities—what else is war?

VIOLA JOSEPH

Weiser, Idaho

Giving the Warbler the Bird

Sir: I believe that the “Warbler of Watergate” [Dec. 5] and the “Household Word” would have made a simply marvelous match.

SUZANNE T. WALTON

Greensboro, N.C.

Sir: Having read Martha Mitchell's comments on protest, I just can't seem to escape the feeling that she is still upset over the American Revolution of 1776. After all, if the British government had only handled the situation firmly, instead of “catering to revolution,” then that family deed from the King of England would still be valid.

D. J. SIGNOROVITCH

Norfolk, Va.

Sir: Surely one of her statements has been omitted: Didn't she say, “Let them eat cake?”

DAVID PIERCE

Atlanta

Sir: After reading the remarks of Martha Mitchell I was reminded of an old adage: 'Tis better to remain silent and be judged stupid rather than speak and remove all doubt.

CLAUDE W. ASH

Havertown, Pa.

Sir: The Warbler of Watergate is a loon.

MICHAEL P. ZELL

Washington, D.C.

Address Letters to TIME, TIME & LIFE Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

SAAB is built to be driven even above the Arctic Circle. (A good part of Sweden, where SAAB is built, lies in the Arctic.)

So you can see that, like a snowmobile, a SAAB is made with snow and ice in mind.

That's why SAAB has front wheel drive. It gives fantastic control and traction in any weather, on any surface.

And wherever front wheel drive lets you go, you'll go in comfort. Our fresh air heater will see to that. It's the same one that brings the Swedes defiantly through their 8-month long winter.

Don't worry about getting stuck some morning out in the cold. SAAB will fire up without fail at 30° below zero.

Its hood opens forward, so the snow on top will end up on the ground; not on your engine.

Its doors, too, are designed to counter the cold. They have extra-wide seams, so they will open as easily as your refrigerator.

And that, basically, is our SAAB story. It is one automobile really made for winter driving. So if you want a true snowmobile, get a SAAB.

SAAB
The well-built Swede

Only a
snowmobile could
go as many places
as our well-built Swede.



Leasing And Overseas Delivery Plans Available

The only car in the world made by a manufacturer of advanced jet aircraft.

BUSINESSMEN SHOULD WORK A 10-HOUR DAY.

BETWEEN 9 AND 5.

If you're like the average executive, you probably spend over 80% of your time simply communicating. By voice, by memo, by letter. If you can eke out an hour a day for creative thinking, you're doing well.

And that's where the profit is.

A Dictaphone system automates written communications. It can cut writing time by 30%. And give you another hour or two for solving some of those nagging problems you haven't had time to get at.

It might be as simple as a dictating machine and transcriber. Or, if you travel, a portable that uses the same belt as your office machine. You can install a Hot Line that's open 24 hours a day, records on a 3 hour endless tape, and can be linked to any number of executives and secretaries. A bank of transcribers in the

typing pool can handle a multi-dictation load efficiently and economically. And only Dictaphone gives you a choice of magnetic or permanent belts.

No other company in the dictating equipment field can offer the depth of products, or the depth of experience that Dictaphone can. One of our systems experts will be glad to tailor a system guaranteed to improve your communications.

Think about it for a minute. If you can spare the time.

► **Dictaphone**

We have the medium
to fit the message.



TIME
THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE
Dec. 26, 1969 Vol. 94, No. 26

THE NATION

AMERICAN NOTES

Seasoned Greetings

Through the holiday crush on Manhattan's Fifth Avenue last week walked a teen-age girl with a stenciled poster: "How many shopping days until peace?" A few blocks away a giant billboard loomed over Times Square, bearing a Christmas message from Beatle John Lennon and his wife Yoko Ono. The billboard—one of eleven put up on Los Angeles' Sunset Boulevard, London's Shaftesbury Avenue and in several European and Canadian cities—proclaimed: "The war is over . . . if you want it. Happy Christmas, John and Yoko."

More and more, the trend in Christmas cards is toward seasoned greetings. Cards with a peace motif are doing better than ever. "For the first time, the dove is pushing the Madonna for the top spot," reports Stephen Shannon, head of the National Association of Greeting Card Publishers. The topical messages are not always gentle. For \$1, the Black Panthers offer a selection of twelve different greetings. One card portrays a pig-faced white Santa emerging from a chimney to confront a less-than-loving reception committee: a black father toting a carbine and his little boy preparing to bash St. Nick with a small Christmas tree. The trend is not only American. In Beirut the anti-Israel terrorists of Al-Fatah are selling cards with a drawing of innocent-looking Arab youths, one of them carrying a sub-machine gun. Al-Fatah hopes to collect more than \$100,000 from its card sales, most of which will be used for arms purchases.

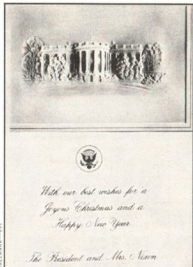
The Resident Wit

It will be up to the historians to decide whether German-born Henry Kissinger is advising the President wisely on national security. His reputation as the President's resident wit, however, should already be assured. Samples:

► "I had to turn down an engagement the other day because I was observing a very private and deeply religious occasion—Bismarck's birthday."

► "Yes, there is a plan for getting out of Viet Nam. Just this morning I was alone in the Oval Office with the President and he leaned over and told me, 'Henry, I would tell you my Viet Nam plan if there weren't so many people in the room.'"

► "I welcome this new reputation as a secret swinger. Now, when I sit beside a beautiful woman at dinner, if I bore her to tears, she thinks it must be her fault."



THE PRESIDENT'S CARD



AL-FATAH'S CARD



THE BLACK PANTHERS' CARD

The doves are pushing the madonnas.

CHRISTMAS AT

JOHN and Abigail Adams moved into the drafty, unfinished White House just before Christmas, 1800, and threw the first party there on New Year's Day. Ever since, the holidays have been a lively season at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue. Few presidential couples, however, have gone at the Christmas-time merrymaking with quite the gusto of Richard and Pat Nixon. For the holidays they have peopled the place with choirs, Bob Hope, the Apollo 12 astronauts and more than 6,000 other Americans, renowned and unknown. To fuel those guests, the kitchens turned out 25,000 cookies, 1,130 gallons of fruit punch and an identical quantity of eggnog. Nobody in Washington can remember a more festive White House Christmas.

The Nixons have three Christmas trees: the 65-ft. spruce on the Ellipse south of the White House, a 19-ft. tree decorated with each state's flower that adorns the marble entrance foyer, and a 9-ft. blue spruce upstairs that is trimmed with ornaments that the Nixons have used for years. The tree in the family quarters stands on a revolving base that plays *Jingle Bells*. Outside, for the first time, tiny white lights glow from the boxwoods that line the front driveway. To TIME Correspondent Bonnie Angelo, Mrs. Nixon explained: "You can't overdo at Christmas time. The more the better, so far as I'm concerned."

Handel to Hope. For the Sunday East Room service last week, the New York Avenue Presbyterian Church choir put on a half-hour version of Handel's *Messiah* (see MUSIC). That evening, the program shifted from Handel to Hope as the comedian staged a preview of his Christmas show for the troops in Viet Nam. The audience included the Nixons, the Agnews, Army Chief of Staff William Westmoreland, the Henry Fords, Lynda Bird Robb, Presidential Barber Steve Martini and a gaggle of other guests.

Hope added to the growing repertoire of Agnew humor with a few cracks that the Vice President received gamely enough. One example: "Spiro Agnew's library burned down. The fire destroyed both of his books—including one he hadn't even colored yet."

Antiphonal Chorus. The Nixons have always been big senders of Christmas cards; this year they outdid every other presidential couple in memory by mailing out 37,000 red-bordered cards with the White House south façade embossed on the covers.

The Nixons will spend Christmas Day in the Executive Mansion and then fly out to San Clemente for a brief holiday. At the family celebration, Nixon will doubtless sit down at the piano to play his Christmas specialty—*Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer*, the first Christmas song Daughters Tricia and Julie learned to sing. For the first time, how-

THE NIXONS'

WALTER BENNETT



PAT NIXON WITH WHITE HOUSE TREE
"The more the better."

ever, the entire family will not be together on Christmas. Julie and David Eisenhower are flying—student fare—to Brussels, where David's father, John, serves as U.S. Ambassador to Belgium.

In all the White House Christmas cheer, there was only one discordant incident. As the President prepared to turn on the 5,000 lights decorating the big national Christmas tree in the Ellipse, he declared: "May this moment be one when America looked forward to a decade in which Americans could enjoy Christmas at peace with all the countries of the world." Antiwar demonstrators in front of the tree raised an antiphonal chant. "Peace now!" said the protesters, who call themselves "the Washington Area Grinch Resistance" after the character in the Dr. Seuss story, *How the Grinch Stole Christmas*. "Stop the war!" they chorused.

Raising his voice, the President continued: "Today America is not at peace. What we want for this nation is not only peace now, but peace in the years to come—peace for all people in the years to come."

THE WAR Changed Atmosphere

Since he took over the presidency, Richard Nixon has operated on the assumption that Hanoi expects to win the Viet Nam War in Washington, as it won an earlier phase against the French in Paris. Last week, in announcing that the U.S. would withdraw 50,000 more troops by April 15, the President took another step to force North Viet Nam to re-examine that basic premise.

Nixon's announcement brought to 110,000 the number of troops scheduled to be removed by next spring. A few critics said that his pace was too slow, others that it was entirely too fast—but there were not too many complaints from either side. The new withdrawal left Nixon slightly behind the timetable he had hoped to beat—former Defense Secretary Clark Clifford's estimate that 100,000 men could be pulled out by no later than the end of 1969. But in Nixon's view, the move served a more important purpose. It helped to mute domestic dissent, making it more difficult for leaders of the slipping antiwar movement to sustain interest in their drive for a faster U.S. disengagement.

Gig to Drag. The change in atmosphere has been remarkably swift. White House aides concede that the protest movement was rapidly gaining momentum at the time of its nationwide Moratorium Day activities of Oct. 15. The President's Nov. 3 speech urging the "silent majority" to speak out gave thrust to the counterprotesters. Yet his defiant attitude toward antiwar demonstrators also energized the massive peace marches in Washington and San Francisco on Nov. 15.

That proved to be a high point. Until recently, says an Administration official, "the home front was running in

the French pattern." No longer. Says another Nixon lieutenant: "The steam has gone out of the protest movement." Sam Brown, coordinator of the Viet Nam Moratorium Committee, grudgingly agrees. The President, Brown admits, scored "a tremendous political coup by managing to identify himself with the cause of peace." The antiwar movement, he adds, is suffering a "short-term kind of lethargy."

Other peace leaders hope that it will only be short-term. They see no point in trying to stage other mass rallies, and are worried about possible violence, dwindling funds and the probability that frigid weather will bring disappointing turnouts. "The first time around, a march is a gig—the second time, it's a drag," observes one analyst of the movement. This month's emphasis on low-key community efforts has yielded little publicity, although planned Christmas Eve prayer vigils around the country this week

Top of the Decade

With the 1960s approaching their end, TIME's editors have looked back to recall, in each department, the ten biggest, most consequential events of those turbulent years. Herewith the top news stories in national affairs:

- ▶ Bay of Pigs, 1961.
- ▶ Freedom rides start in South, 1961.
- ▶ Civil rights march on Washington, 1963.
- ▶ John Kennedy assassinated, 1963.
- ▶ Race riot in Watts, 1965.
- ▶ President Johnson announces that he will not seek re-election, orders partial bombing halt in Viet Nam, 1968.
- ▶ The Rev. Martin Luther King Jr. assassinated, 1968.
- ▶ Robert Kennedy assassinated, 1968.
- ▶ Disorders in Chicago during Democratic National Convention, 1968.
- ▶ Nixon's political comeback, 1968.

might do better. The Moratorium Committee has also decided to abandon plans to increase its activities by one day each month. Asked Marge Sklenarc, one of its coordinators: "What could we do for eight days in May?"

Moving adroitly to exploit the protest doldrums, Defense Secretary Melvin Laird announced last week that troop withdrawals would make possible a 10% cutback in draft calls for 1970—to a total of 225,000. At the same time President Nixon in his ten-minute televised speech again appealed effectively for broad backing. Though Hanoi is counting on "division in the U.S." to bring it victory, he said, the "demonstration of support by the American people for our plan to bring a just peace has dashed those hopes." The statement might have been somewhat premature, but Nixon's support is clearly growing. A Gallup poll published last week showed that even on college campuses Nixon's Viet Nam policies are now approved by 50% of the students. Among

the nation's adults, the Administration's war policies enjoy 64% support.

Battlefield reversal would inject new vigor into the protest movement, as the President knows well. In his address, he took note of "one disturbing new development." Communist infiltration into South Viet Nam, he reported, has recently risen "substantially." His aides estimated the rate at some 8,000 men a month, about 70% of last year's unusually high pace. Most of the new troops seem to be moving into sanctuaries along the Cambodian border, prompting some military advisers to predict another coordinated *Tet* offensive around February or March.

One adviser quoted by the President last week contends that the war in the field is going so well that a new Communist offensive would make little difference because it could not succeed. Sir Robert Thompson, a top British expert on guerrilla warfare who was commissioned by Nixon to reassess the sit-

uation in Viet Nam, insists that the enemy is just not capable of mounting an effective drive (see box).

Air of Confidence. Whether the South Vietnamese will be able to handle the Communists as the U.S. withdrawal continues remains uncertain. None of the units replacing U.S. outfits has been tested in sustained heavy combat, and some still suffer high desertion rates and severe shortages of ammunition. But they are now doing more of the fighting, and their fatalities are regularly running four times as high as the figure for U.S. troops. Perhaps most important, the government is belatedly enforcing full mobilization, and claims to have added 88,000 troops in the past six months. That more than covers U.S. withdrawals so far, and brings South Vietnamese troop strength to 1,090,000.

In Saigon, according to *TIME* Correspondent Marsh Clark, while "statements of optimism are far more muted

than in the halcyon days that preceded *Tet* in 1968, there is an unmistakable air of confidence." For one thing, there is the feeling that pacification has finally taken hold. Moreover, the Thieu regime, says Clark, "is a going concern. While Thieu is not a popular hero, he heads a government that is stable."

Whether the Nixon plan will really work depends on two elements. The first is whether Hanoi resumes all-out offensive tactics, which could set back pacification, increase U.S. casualties and force Nixon to slow the withdrawals. The second is whether the South Vietnamese prove capable of handling the Communists and willing to persevere. "As a nation, they are young, uneducated, poor and very tired," Clark concludes. "But unless the Communists start improving their situation on the battlefield and in the hamlets, we may be surprised to discover the fact of an independent, anti-Communist and quite impertinent South Viet Nam."

The President's Guerrilla Expert

THOUGH Viet Nam has been his specialty since 1961, Sir Robert Thompson was never influential with either John Kennedy or Lyndon Johnson. It was Richard Nixon who embraced his views wholeheartedly—most likely because they coincide with his own.

Suave, controlled and bearing a striking resemblance to the late actor Herbert Marshall, the Cambridge-educated Thompson, 53, was knighted for devising the strategy that ultimately defeated local Chinese Communist terrorists in Malaya in the 1950s. He was then Britain's secretary for defense of the Federation of Malaya; later (1961-65), he served as head of the British advisory mission in Viet Nam. Now retired from government, he is an occasional consultant for the Rand Corp., the noted U.S. think tank. His experience in Malaya convinced Thompson that counterinsurgency does not require massive forces, large-scale bombing or continual pursuit of the enemy. He contends that such tactics play into the hands of guerrillas by increasing casualties and enlarging the scope of the combat. Thompson emphasizes localized "police" actions to protect the population against guerrilla attacks and to ferret out subversives. That proved easier in Malaya, where the terrorists were often ethnically different from the local population, than in Viet Nam, where friend and foe may be indistinguishable. The Malaya guerrillas also had no handy sanctuaries across nearby borders.

Thompson's perspective has brought him alternately in and out of phase with the prevailing U.S. strategies in Viet Nam. He still subscribes to the domino theory that a Communist success in Viet Nam would jeopardize other shaky

governments in Southeast Asia and even as far away as Latin America. He approved Kennedy's commitment of U.S. advisers and his accent on unconventional Special Forces. He advised the late South Vietnamese President Ngo Dinh Diem to undertake a program of protected "strategic hamlets," but the program flopped when Diem moved too quickly, ignoring Thompson's warning to make certain that his troops could hold each area. In *No Exit from Viet Nam*, written after the enemy's 1968 *Tet* offensive, Thompson indicts President Johnson's excessive buildup and General William Westmoreland's use of

unwieldy units to carry out unproductive "search and destroy" missions. Thompson warmly endorses the more limited "spoiler" tactics devised by General Creighton Abrams.

At President Nixon's request, Thompson recently spent five weeks touring Viet Nam. He found some of the improvements since 1968 to be "astounding." Though the *Tet* offensive was a Communist psychological victory, he contends, it was militarily "suicidal." "The thing that surprised me more than anything else was the extent to which the government has regained control in the countryside," he said last week. "The V.C.'s population base has been eroded. The population is gradually losing confidence in the ability of the Viet Cong to win. It is coming in toward the government. The war isn't won, but we're in the kind of position from which we could win."

Thompson is not as worried as some U.S. military advisers about current Communist infiltration. He contends that the enemy has lost at least 500,000 troops in the past two years—roughly comparable to the U.S. Army's losing 5,000,000 men. The replacements, he reports, are mainly ill-trained teenagers. "The Viet Cong are no longer 10 feet tall. They are more like frightened 16-year-olds." Thompson does not, however, see a quick end to the war. "It could take three to five years before Hanoi is compelled to give up her purpose and to negotiate a real settlement," he says. Until that happens, he advises, the allies should adopt "a long-haul, low-cost strategy" that relies more on the South Vietnamese army—a prescription that fits Richard Nixon's "Vietnamization" program perfectly.



SIR ROBERT THOMPSON

CONGRESS: PRIORITIES AT ISSUE

CAREENING toward a pre-Christmas windup of its year-long session, what may be the most delinquent Congress in U.S. history last week took time out for a classic confrontation between legislative and executive branches. The issue was inflation.

Two weeks ago, the President bitterly attacked Congress for its inflationary tendencies and threatened to veto the "Christmas tree" tax bill. Last week he added the massive Labor and Health, Education and Welfare appropriations bill and a relatively minor coal-mine-safety bill to his possible veto list. Said Nixon in a letter to Republican congressional leaders: "I cannot at this critical point in the battle against inflation approve so heavy an increase in federal spending."

Nixon's words were wasted on the Republicans, however; the Democrats control Congress. After a Friday-morning breakfast caucus, Democratic leaders announced that they intended to ignore Nixon's warnings and might even try to override any presidential veto, though it is questionable whether they can muster the required two-thirds vote. Accordingly, they sent Nixon the mine-safety bill despite his threat. Though Congress appropriated \$19.9 billion for HEW—roughly the amount Nixon requested—an additional \$1.1 billion in spending is almost certain to be added later. Thus, the move was not likely to influence Nixon. Similarly, though a number of ornaments were removed from the tax bill that emerged from a rough-and-tumble Senate-House conference, too many were retained to please the President (see following story).

As Congress virtually completed ac-

tion on all 14 major appropriations bills, it was plain that the lawmakers' priorities differed considerably from Nixon's. In three areas—agriculture, public works and transportation—they added a total of \$893 million to the funds originally sought by the President. In the other ten, they appropriated a total of \$7.7 billion less than requested by Nixon.

Almost the entire cut came in the form of a \$5.6 billion amputation from the defense request. It first appeared that Nixon might have to settle for \$1.1 billion less than he asked for in foreign aid. But late Saturday, even this appeared in doubt as the Senate rejected the \$1.8 billion foreign aid money bill. The Senate action was an angry response to the House, which insisted upon granting \$54.5 million to Nationalist China for jet fighters and \$50 million in military aid to South Korea.

Despite Nixon's attempt to blame Capitol Hill for encouraging inflation, Democratic Congressmen argue that they will ultimately appropriate at least \$6.8 billion less than the \$143 billion requested by the President. That figure is misleading, since it does not take into account such continuing commitments as the increase in Social Security benefits. But the fact remains that so far Congress has trimmed actual appropriations by a substantial sum. Accordingly, Wisconsin's Democratic Senator William Proxmire concluded that the White House was guilty of a "snow job" when it complained that "Congress is spending money like a drunken sailor."

Comfortable Margin. Not all the news from Capitol Hill was bad for the White House. Having approved the Safeguard anti-ballistic missile system by only one vote last summer, the Senate, by a comfortable 15-vote margin, provided \$770 million to begin building the first two ABM installations. Senate Foreign Relations committeemen, anxious to re-establish their role in military decisions, banned the deployment of U.S. combat troops to Laos or Thailand, but the Administration did not oppose the measure. Officials insist that the President has no intention of committing men to those countries.

Attempts to knock out \$85 million requested by the Administration for development of a supersonic jet transport (SST) were thwarted. Two controversial—and potentially regressive—plans opposed by the Administration were defeated. One would have given state Governors veto powers over federally aided legal services for the poor. The other would have cut off federal funds to colleges that do not deal harshly with student unrest. The Administration had less luck with its voting rights revision—which was postponed—and its "Philadelphia Plan," which would have provided minority groups with construction jobs and training. At week's end, the plan appeared to have been defeated.



MILLS WITH COMMITTEE COUNSEL

A snow job for sailors.

What the Tax Bill Does

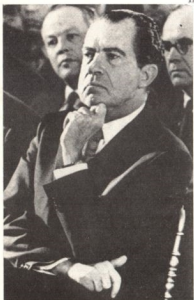
The tax bill worked out by a Senate-House conference in a series of exhausting 16-hour sessions last week provides plenty of tax relief but relatively little in the way of long-term reforms. What started out as an effort to close tax loopholes turned into a tax-cutting binge designed to win friends for Congress in an election year.

In the short run, the bill will increase federal revenues. Eventually, however, as tax reductions take effect, federal intake will decline sharply, creating what one Treasury man calls "the revenue crunch of the '70s." The bill represents a Democratic attempt to win the affections of Nixon's middle-class constituency by offering ample benefits to middle-income taxpayers. A couple with two children and a \$10,000 income, for example, will save \$209 by 1973; the same family earning \$25,000 would gain \$172. Says one Senate Democrat: "What we are fighting for is suburbia." Former Budget Director Charles Schultz puts it another way: "When the chips are down on tax cuts, those who talked about priorities for pollution control and education and an end to hunger voted for beer and cosmetics and whitewall tires."

Among the key provisions of the proposed tax bill:

► A 15% hike in Social Security benefits starting January 1, benefiting 25 million recipients.

► An increase in the individual personal income tax exemption from the present



PRESIDENT NIXON
"I cannot approve."

\$600 to \$650 next July 1, to \$700 in 1972 and to \$750 in 1973.

► A three-step rise in the standard tax deduction—now \$1,000 or 10% of income, whichever is less—to \$2,000 or 15% by 1973. The feature is designed to aid lower- and middle-income groups.

► An additional \$1,100 income exemption for those with annual earnings of \$3,300 or less, aimed at removing 5,500,000 poor families from the tax rolls.

► A new schedule for single taxpayers designed to narrow the gap between what they pay and what is paid by married people with the same income. Single people now pay up to 40% more.

► A maximum tax on earned income, reducing rates from the current maximum of 70% to 60% in 1971 and 50% in 1972 and thereafter.

► A new "minimum tax" of at least 10% on all income over \$30,000. One major loophole, tax-exempt state and municipal bond interest, is not affected.

Some tax breaks for businesses were also modified. The bill calls for a repeal of the 7% business investment tax credit, a reduction from 27½% to 22% of the oil depletion allowance, and increased taxes on high-bracket capital gains. The bill puts a 4% tax on the investment income of foundations—a compromise between a stiff House bill and a nominal Senate measure.

House Ways and Means Committee Chairman Wilbur Mills said that the bill would produce an additional \$6.4 billion in 1970, then drop to a negligible \$288 million in 1971. By 1972, the government will be receiving \$1.7 billion less than present revenues, and the loss will grow to \$3.7 billion in 1973.

As finally worked out, the bill was far more sober than the free-spending "Christmas tree" measure conjured up by the Senate, with its \$800 personal tax exemption. While it is more inflationary than President Nixon would like, the bill does postpone most of the giveaway provisions for two years, the period that Nixon considers crucial in the fight against inflation. Nixon is thus expected to accept the compromise.

Septuagenarians of the '70s

The eighth decade of the 20th century is drawing near; yet many of the men who hold the levers of congressional power in Washington were born before the century began. In a recent address to the National Press Club, former Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare John Gardner noted that since 1958, by act of Congress, the chief judges of federal district and circuit courts have been required to give up all administrative duties at age 70. Gardner suggested that Congress itself ought to follow suit.

"The Speaker of the House is 78," Gardner said. "Thirteen Senate and House committee chairmen are over 70, six of them over 75, two over 80. They are full of years and honors. They can serve best by stepping aside. That would be patriotism at its highest."

NEW JERSEY

City Under Indictment

Mayor Hugh J. Addonizio was in his baronial office in Newark's grimy city hall when Aide Donald Malafronte brought him the word last week. "We're going to have to go over there," said Malafronte, gesturing toward the federal courthouse across the street. Addonizio took the news calmly. "O.K.," he said, reaching for the telephone. "I'm going to call my wife."

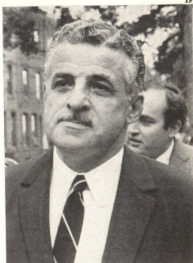
Less than a week after Attorney General John Mitchell had promised "a massive indictment" of New Jersey public officials, Addonizio and nine present or former Newark city officeholders were charged by a federal grand jury with extortion and income tax violations. The ten officials plus five other men, including a reputed Mafia member named Anthony ("Tony Boy") Boiaro, were indicted for extorting \$253,500 from Constrad, Inc., an engineering firm that did business with the city. The charge carries penalties of \$10,000 and 20 years in prison. The 15 were also accused of failing to report their payoffs, ranging from \$500 to \$37,000, to the Internal Revenue Service. As a result, they face additional penalties of up to \$5,000 and three years on each count for income tax violations.

Poolside Chat. For Addonizio, who has been mayor since 1961 after a 14-year career as a Democratic Congressman, the indictment came as something of an anticlimax. A state grand jury questioned him about local gambling last year. Federal authorities have had him under investigation since he and Boiaro were seen chatting at the pool of the Americana Hotel in San Juan, P.R., nearly two years ago. But their case against him really began to develop



"TONY BOY" BOIARO

Few more in need of a curing.



"SAM THE PLUMBER" DE CAVALCANTE
First skirmish in a full-scale war.

when Constrad's chief, Paul Rigo, went to the Justice Department a few weeks ago with his records. After he began to talk, the Government moved swiftly against the mayor. Two weeks ago, the grand jury called on Addonizio to testify. Claiming his right against self-incrimination, the mayor refused to talk (TIME, Dec. 19).

The Government also moved on another front last week. The day before Addonizio went to court, another federal grand jury handed up indictments against Mafia Kingpin Simone Rizzo ("Sam the Plumber") De Cavalcante and 54 others. Charged with operating an interstate numbers game that grossed \$20 million a year, all face penalties of \$10,000 and five years' imprisonment. Four, including De Cavalcante's "chief of staff," Alessio Barrasso, face additional fines of \$10,000 or 20-year sentences for extortion.

Every one of the gambling indictments was obtained through wiretaps authorized under Title III of the Omnibus Crime Control and Safe Streets Act of 1968. Justice Department officials were quick to cite that fact. The officials regard the New Jersey crackdown as the first skirmish in a full-scale war on the Mafia. Said Will Wilson, chief of the department's Criminal Division: "Our overall goal is to demolish the rackets. The first step in curing inner-city problems is to free local government from the control of the rackets."

Efficient and Effective. Few cities are more in need of such a cure than Newark (see box following page). In addition to the federal grand juries, a statewide and a local grand jury are probing organized crime in Newark and elsewhere in New Jersey. Following last week's indictments, the Newark *Star-Ledger* suggested that it would be in the city's best interests if "those under a cloud of suspicion were to remove themselves from office." The local

Corruption by Consent

The Greater Newark Chamber of Commerce and the city's entire business community are deeply shocked at the indictment today of Mayor Addonizio, three members of the city council and other officials.

THIS outraged statement notwithstanding, Newark's business leaders had little reason to be shocked by last week's indictments. Crime and corruption have long been blatantly evident in what may well be the Mafia capital of the U.S. After the city's bloody 1967 race riot, for example, a special Governor's commission laid much of the blame to "a widespread belief that Newark's government is corrupt."

The belief appears to be well founded. City officials and police are casually assumed to be on the take. Last year Newark Police Director Dominick Spina was indicted for "willful failure to enforce anti-gambling laws." His acquittal did nothing to convince Newarkers that their city was well policed.

Organized crime secured its first firm beachhead in New Jersey during Prohibition days, when Abner ("Longie") Zwillman used the state as the base for 40% of the nation's bootlegging operations. Aside from Newark and Jersey City, much of the state retained a rural character until the opening of the George Washington Bridge in 1931. New Jersey suited the underworld's needs perfectly. The Hudson River separated its members from the tough law enforcement of New York racketeers like Fiorello La Guardia, Thomas Dewey and, more recently, Frank Hogan. Neither police forces nor local government had caught up with the state's sudden population growth. To make matters worse, officials were only too eager to accommodate the free-spending gangsters.

The state's attempts to clean up its

own house have been few and far between. Immediately after World War II, a gambling crackdown in Bergen County netted only a 15-year-old boy for taking telephone bets. But following the late Senator Estes Kefauver's disclosures of widespread gambling in the county, Special Prosecutor Nelson Stamler launched a probe that resulted in indictments against 77 people, including two police chiefs. To nobody's surprise, Stamler soon was replaced. One reason the reform efforts failed may well be that local political bosses, many of them thoroughly venal, enjoy virtual veto power over the appointment of county judges and prosecutors.

Close to 300,000 New Jersey residents leave the state every day to work in New York City, and nearly 50,000 more commute to Philadelphia. Many of them regard the state as a bedroom and take no interest in state or local government. Among those who are active in local affairs, many are only too willing to coexist with La Cosa Nostra. Mafiosi who can assure peace with labor unions are often respected members of the community. Many otherwise solid citizens seek them out as friends; they either refuse to believe that the Mafia exists or find it exciting to associate with racketeers.

That attitude infuriates Mafia Expert Ralph Salerno. "The Silent Majority consented to all this for 30 years," he fumes. "The bad guys worked at taking over the state while the good guys sat on their asses and watched television." Unfortunately, that failing may be characteristic of good guys elsewhere. Federal strike forces are at work in Illinois, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, New York and Florida. If they are anywhere near as successful as they have been in New Jersey, 1970 may prove a boom year for grand juries.

Chamber of Commerce called for the suspension of all those indicted.

State law provides for the removal from public office of officials who refuse to testify before grand juries looking into governmental affairs. But it allows them to take the Fifth Amendment when questioned on criminal matters—as did Addonizio. Nor do the state's laws require the removal of officials who are under indictment.

Addonizio has made it clear that he has no intention of stepping down before the end of his term. "I haven't been convicted of anything," he said, and he predicted that he would be acquitted. Meanwhile, he has promised Newarkers that his administration will "continue to run an efficient and effective government." Considering Newark's record—and his—Addonizio's promise is hardly reassuring.

NEW YORK

The Holdout

For more than eight years, Robert M. Morgenthau has enforced federal laws in New York's Southern District with scrupulous impartiality. He has uncovered graft in Democratic as well as Republican city machines, convicted Wall Streeters for illegal Swiss bank dealings, and waged war against New York City's powerful Mafia. But Democrat Morgenthau is a political appointee. According to tradition, when the Republicans took office in Washington, Morgenthau was expected to join the country's 92 other U.S. Attorneys in offering his resignation. He did not, maintaining that he needed time "to complete major cases and investigations."^{*} Last week, after months of private pressure on Morgenthau, Attorney General John Mitchell requested that he step down.

Biartisan Uproar. Mitchell apparently believed that he had been more than reasonably patient. Nevertheless the announcement, and the tactless manner in which it was handled, caused a biartisan uproar. Only a few hours after Morgenthau received the letter asking for his resignation, the Administration named Whitney North Seymour Jr., a capable New York lawyer and former assistant U.S. attorney, as his successor. The net effect may be to force Seymour to wait until Morgenthau quits or until his term expires in 1971.

The statute under which the Administration is seeking Morgenthau's ouster is vague about whether the President has to show malfeasance to dismiss an appointee in midterm. Moreover, Morgenthau just might launch an embarrassing campaign to remove U.S. attorneys from the patronage rolls. He is known to believe that the jobs

^{*} Most U.S. Attorneys serve a four-year term coinciding with the President's. First appointed in 1961, Morgenthau quit to run unsuccessfully for Governor, was reappointed in 1963 and again in 1967. As a result, his appointment still has 18 months to run.



"I HEAR SIRENS!"



U.S. ATTORNEY MORGENTHAU
Tradition gives the job to politics.

should not be political plums, though they now rate among the juiciest. Morgenthau's district, for example, has 70 or so assistant attorneys, who are appointed by the Attorney General.

New York Senators Charles Goodell and Jacob Javits, both Republicans, believe that Morgenthau should be allowed to complete unfinished projects. Either could block Seymour's appointment by invoking "senatorial courtesy." According to tradition, the Judiciary Committee will not consider an appointment unless both Senators from the state involved give their approval.

Regardless of what finally happens, Mitchell risks being the loser. Justice Department officials complain that Morgenthau is independent and uncooperative, but he has been an immensely effective law officer. In seeking his removal, the Attorney General, an outspoken advocate of law and order, invites accusations that he is placing politics above public welfare.

DRUGS

Why Did Walter Die?

In the bathroom of a Harlem tenement, Walter Vandermeer died last week from a dose of heroin. Some 800 others have died in New York City this year from the same cause, including more than 200 teen-agers. What sets Walter's death apart is the fact that he was only twelve years old—the youngest child on record to die from heroin in the city. John Schoonbeck of TIME's New York bureau had worked with Walter as a counselor at Manhattan's Floyd Patterson House, a residential treatment center for emotionally disturbed children. Schoonbeck wrote this report:

When Walt was five months old, his father was deported to Surinam for violating immigration laws. The child spent the rest of his short life looking for a father surrogate. His search was

limited to the area around Harlem's West 116th Street, where—like many children who grow up there—he learned about hustling, dope and sex before he was ten. Often he subsisted on potato chips, baloney and sodas.

At the Floyd Patterson House, Walt was the youngest of ten children in my group, but by far the toughest and most severely disturbed. Nobody knew quite what to do for Walt. He needed enough to eat, clothes to wear, adults to model himself after, toys to play with, a place to live. He needed and asked for lots of love, support and dependability. He got none of these—and it enraged him. He had learned to suspect everyone, and if he thought he was being crossed or cheated, his anger was uncontrolled. At first, he would kick a door, his eyes lowered; then he would smash things and curse. Eventually he would work himself up to a fight. Once I tried to get him in a shower to cool him off; after half an hour he succeeded in putting me in the shower. We knew that his emotional problems were beyond our capacity to treat. In October 1968, Family Court ordered Walt remanded to the custody of his mother, Mrs. Lilly Price. Neither the boy nor his mother was present at the court hearing.

Six in a Bed. Walt was the fifth of ten children from his mother's several marriages. Only Walt and four others still lived with her, and she supported them on a \$412 monthly welfare check. About two months ago, after the family was evicted from their apartment for not paying rent, they moved into a single dining room in a friend's home. There was only one bed for all six of them.

"Walter hadn't been going to school," says his mother, "but he went out and sold papers or carried groceries. He

didn't support us—he just bought the things he wanted, like a pair of socks."

Snoopy Sweatshirt. Violence is a fact of life to the children of West 116th Street, but in the weeks just before his death, Walt had more than his share. Earlier this month, someone dropped a brick on his head, and the wound had to be stitched. A few days later he was hit by a car, suffering scratches and bruises. A week after that, he fell from a fire escape.

The coroner who examined Walt found scar tissue under the skin of the boy's arm, indicating that he had shot heroin before. There was no evidence of the needle tracks common to hardcore addicts. Still, Walter weighed only 80 lbs.; so a double injection of heroin—the suspected dosage—would have been enough to depress his breathing and kill him. Was he deliberately given too powerful a dose? Maybe he had threatened a pusher, many of whom are his own age. Or did he perhaps know exactly what he was doing?

One thing is certain—Walt had no trouble getting the stuff. Take a ride down 116th Street sometime; see the pushers openly peddling heroin to young blacks for \$2 a bag. If you go on a mild gray day, you will see doped youngsters nodding listlessly in doorways. This was Walt's Main Street; it was all he ever knew.

When he was found on the bathroom floor of a neighborhood rooming house, he was wearing one of those Snoopy sweatshirts so popular with kids of his age. It bore the inscription: "I wish I could bite somebody . . . I need a release from my inner tensions!" It was not just heroin that killed Walter. Maybe, like many another child born black in the ghetto, he died of his whole life.



VANDERMEER'S HARLEM RESIDENCE



CITY DOCTOR EXAMINING WALT'S CLOTHES

Violence is a fact of life.

THE WORLD

CHINA: ON THE VERGE OF SPEAKING TERMS

IN the unlikely setting of a fashion show staged early this month by the Yugoslav embassy in the Palace of Culture in Warsaw, U.S. Ambassador Walter Stoessel managed to engage the interpreter of the Chinese embassy in a brief conversation. Between any other two men in the room, the encounter would have gone unnoticed. But as Stoessel and the interpreter chatted, other diplomats in the room looked on in surprise. For the first time in nearly two years, American and Chinese representatives had established direct contact.

After a long period of self-imposed isolation, Peking has apparently decided to recommence at least a measure of diplomatic contact with the West. As a result of the fashion-show conversations, Stoessel was invited to the Chinese embassy for a meeting with *Chargé d'Affaires* Lei Yang. The two men talked and sipped tea for more than an hour. Though the content of their discussion remains secret, President Nixon's top foreign policy advisers are convinced that Peking may well be on the verge of resuming formal talks with the U.S.

For its part, the Administration made the gesture of easing U.S. restrictions on trade with China. For the first time since the Communists won control of the mainland in 1949, U.S. businessmen may engage in nonstrategic trade with China. Though the ban on direct commercial import of Chinese goods remains, U.S. firms are free to buy Chinese products, and sell their own to China, through foreign-based subsidiaries or through intermediaries in other countries. U.S. citizens abroad will be able to bring back unlimited quantities of Chinese-made items, which will be subject only to normal tourist duties.

Useful Channel. Stoessel's contacts in Warsaw carry a special importance, since the Polish capital has been the site of earlier Sino-American conversations. Between 1955 and 1968, the U.S. and China held a total of 134 meetings, first in Geneva and then in Warsaw. While the talks produced mostly propaganda, they did provide a useful channel for confidential contacts. Occasionally, the U.S. ambassador delivered an unpublished message; in 1962, for example, Washington used the talks to assure Peking that the U.S. would not support a Nationalist attack from Taiwan against the mainland.

The meetings were broken off by the Chinese, whose foreign office had almost ceased to func-



AMBASSADOR STOESEL
Beyond the 134th meeting.

tion as a result of the ravages of Mao Tse-tung's Cultural Revolution. In 1966-67, Peking recalled its ambassadors from all over the world. Even now it has replaced only one in Eastern Europe—in Rumania, which has remained neutral in the Sino-Soviet quarrel. Late last year, presumably in a test of the new Nixon Administration, the Chinese agreed to a single meeting in Warsaw in February, only to cancel it abruptly after a Chinese diplomat in Holland defected to the U.S.

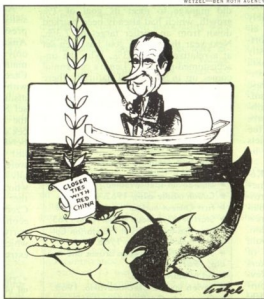
Since then, the Chinese have given some signs that they want to return to

normal diplomatic behavior. Their embassies, which for months remained forbiddingly closed to guests, have begun to entertain once more. The Chinese embassy in Moscow has imported a cook from Hupeh province whose spiced cabbage and chicken receives favorable mention on the diplomatic dinner circuit. Recent European guests (no Americans have been invited) reported that the atmosphere becomes somewhat stiff after dinner, when each visitor is seated individually with a Chinese and subjected to a quiz on such issues as Soviet intentions in Europe and his own government's policies.

Good Reasons. The Nixon Administration is anxious to draw China out of its "angry, alienated shell," as Under Secretary of State Elliot Richardson put it recently. The U.S. fully realizes that it cannot effect any lasting solutions in Viet Nam and Southeast Asia without at least some cooperation from China. Also, Washington worries that a lack of contact between China and the U.S. might embolden the Russians to blackmail or attack China. In view of Moscow's superior military strength, an American show of neutrality would only benefit the Russians; yet because of the communications void between Peking and Washington, the U.S. would have no other choice, short of retaliating directly against the Soviets. Washington would like to make the Russians less certain of impunity in the event they decided to start a war against China.

Chinese motivation for talks rests on its fear of Russia. The Sino-Soviet border talks, now adjourned after eight weeks, seem to be going badly. The Chinese apparently hope to gain leverage on the Soviets by demonstrating readiness to deal with the U.S.

Even if talks are resumed, U.S. officials do not expect any immediate progress. For one thing, the Chinese Communists demand, as a precondition for even the smallest agreement, that the U.S. abandon the Nationalist government on Taiwan. Also, few Westerners comprehend how far Mao's China will go to protect its ideological purity. In the minds of Chinese leaders, cultural exchanges and the arrival of Western journalists would only serve to sully the haven of unadulterated Communism. In fact, the most that the U.S. could hope for in the near future would be an agreement to hold regular discussions. These might be moved to Bucharest, since Poland has made a point of siding with the Soviets in the dispute.



"RIGHT BAIT FOR THE RIGHT FISH?"

SOVIET UNION

Purposeful Budgetry

The Soviet Union is unsurpassed in the art of defense budgetry. The point of the game is not so much to lay out actual fiscal allocations as to demonstrate to outsiders the latest Kremlin international posture. Last week 1,500 delegates to the Supreme Soviet, Russia's rubber-stamp Parliament, met in the Great Kremlin Palace to approve the 1970 budget, and as usual, defense spending attracted the most attention. According to the official figures, the Soviet arms budget will rise only 1% to 17.8 billion rubles (\$19.6 billion). The 1970 outlay will account for only 12.4% of the total \$159 billion budget—the lowest share, the Soviets pointed out, in more than a decade.

The new, low-profile military figures neatly match the Kremlin's current diplomatic stance of a powerful but benign peacemaker. Yet there is far more to Soviet arms spending than appears in the budget. Funds for H-bombs and advanced weapons like multiple-warhead missiles are customarily tucked into budgets for "medium industry" and "scientific research." Additional allocations may well not be listed at all. Western analysts reckon that the true Soviet defense bill will come to about \$60 billion in U.S. terms, or just about what the Pentagon spends now, excluding Viet Nam costs. Some speculate that, because of tension with China, the Soviets are, in fact, nudging ahead of the U.S. in defense spending as American outlays decline. In any case, judging from the way officials boasted at the Supreme Soviet about more cost-effective defense management techniques and benefits from increased use of computers, it seems clear that the Kremlin is counting on much more rumble per ruble next year.

High-Level Whispers. The Soviet arms budget is, however, undeniably under pressure, because the Soviet civilian economy has been badly short-changed as a result of Russia's costly military intervention in Czechoslovakia and the buildup along the Chinese border. Moscow urgently needs to increase its investment in agriculture, which suffered heavily this year as severe weather snapped a string of good harvests. Western experts scoff that some of the 160 million-ton grain crop the Soviets are claiming to harvest "must still be under the snow."

While Soviet Premier Alexei Kosygin and Party Boss Leonid Brezhnev whispered in the gallery behind the rostrum, Chief Soviet Planner Nikolai Baibakov manfully defended the progress of the current 1965-70 five-year plan. He conceded that next year there would be only a modest wage increase of 3% for factory and office workers and 4.6% for collective farmers. Nevertheless, Baibakov boasted that in comparison with 15 years ago, "every 100 families in 1970 will have 71 radios



BAIBAKOV ADDRESSING SUPREME SOVIET
More rumble per ruble.

as against 61, 52 washing machines as against 21, and 32 refrigerators instead of only eleven." His list, however, could not mask the fact that progress in the crucial area of consumer goods has been disappointing: shortages persist not only in autos, refrigerators and small appliances, but also in even such items as table crockery and knives and forks. Soviet planners have also been unable to correct chronic shortfalls in such basic industrial items as steel, coal, fertilizers, cement, paper and electric power.

This year Soviet industrial production did manage to meet its goal of 7% growth, which had already been marked down from an earlier target of 7.3%. Next year the growth goal has been set at a relatively low 6.3%. Why the unaccustomed modesty? Lenin's centennial comes up in 1970, and naturally there would be no better way for Soviet factories to honor the Founder than to exceed their quotas.

Top of the Decade

- ▶ The East Germans put up the Berlin Wall, 1961.
- ▶ Sino-Soviet split revealed, 1961.
- ▶ Cuban missile crisis, 1962.
- ▶ First Chinese nuclear explosion, 1964.
- ▶ Start of U.S. buildup in Viet Nam, 1965.
- ▶ Mao Tse-tung's Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution begins, 1966.
- ▶ Six-Day War between Israelis and Arabs, 1967.
- ▶ Tet offensive, 1968.
- ▶ Soviets invade Czechoslovakia, 1968.
- ▶ Charles de Gaulle resigns, 1969.

CZECHOSLOVAKIA

Diplomatic Exile

For weeks Alexander Dubček has been the object of a secret struggle within the Communist Party in Czechoslovakia. The ultraconservative faction, led by Deputy Party Chief Lubomír Štrougal, has wanted to put him on trial for treason. But Boss Gustav Husák, the Moscow-supported "realist" who last April replaced Dubček as party leader, has sought to prevent a return to the terror practices that gripped Czechoslovakia in the 1950s and early '60s. Last week, after a meeting of the ruling eleven-man Presidium in Prague, party officials announced that some time after Jan. 1 Dubček will become Czechoslovakia's Ambassador to Turkey.

The appointment was a clever move by Husák, who fears that outright persecution of Dubček and his liberal followers would plunge the country into deeper political and economic trouble. In Ankara, Dubček will be conveniently removed from Czechoslovakia, where he remains by far the most popular political figure. As an ambassador, Dubček will be duty-bound to carry out the orders of his political opponents in Prague. In the highly unlikely event that Dubček should decide to defect to the West, Husák could portray the act as one of political treachery.

Few Duties. In mid-December, when the Czechoslovaks sounded out Ankara about accepting Dubček, the Turkish government responded with wholehearted approval. Dubček is something of a hero to many Turks. Because of the extraordinary appeal of Dubček's brand of "Socialism with a human face," the Czechoslovaks could not send him to another Soviet-bloc nation. They apparently chose Turkey because of its established reputation for suppressing foreign political intrigues.^{*}

Ambassador Dubček, who initially resisted the appointment, will find few pressing diplomatic problems between Ankara and Prague. The embassy has only a seven-man staff, and Dubček's main duty will consist of overseeing Czechoslovakia's \$44 million in trade with Turkey. Meanwhile, the campaign against liberals continued in Prague. Josef Smrkovsky, the former president of the National Assembly who was Dubček's closest ally, was stripped of membership in the federal legislature, his last state function. Ten other liberals were also forced to resign, thus virtually completing the purge of deputies who remained loyal to Dubček. But the struggle is far from over. Some Czechoslovaks expect a bitter battle over economic issues next month, when the party's 135-man Central Committee, which is composed of 35% conservative extremists, holds its scheduled plenum.

* There is a precedent for Turkey as a cooling-off place for Communist outcasts: Stalin permitted Leon Trotsky to take refuge in Istanbul in the early 1930s.

GERMANY

Fast Drive to Bonn

A black, Czech-built Tatra limousine pulled up outside Bonn's White House, the Villa Hammerschmidt. Out stepped two East German diplomats, chilled from their unannounced eleven-hour journey over the icy autobahn from East Berlin. They carried a letter from East German Communist Boss Walter Ulbricht to West German President Gustav Heinemann.

The letter arrived at a time when the general diplomatic climate in Central Europe seemed to be improving. Until last week, Walter Ulbricht, the East bloc's most durable Stalinist, had appeared to be Europe's odd man out. Even as the Soviet Union and his other Communist allies arranged bilateral talks with Bonn, he went right on insisting that West Germany must recognize his regime as the price for any negotiations about lessening tensions. But last week, at Ulbricht's bidding, the East German Volkskammer (People's Chamber) unanimously passed a resolution empowering the government to "take the necessary steps" toward "peaceful coexistence" with West Germany on the basis of "internationally binding agreements." Significantly, the resolution did not insist on full diplomatic recognition of Ulbricht's German Democratic Republic as the precondition for talks.

Changing Tactics. Ulbricht's letter called on West Germany to be "realistic." In Communist parlance, that means to accept the status quo of a permanently divided Germany and the Oder-Neisse border, thus finally acknowledging the postwar Polish takeover of areas formerly held by Germany. The letter included the draft of a proposed state treaty on "the establishment of equal relations" between the two Germans.

Though Chancellor Willy Brandt had offered to conclude a state treaty that would regularize relations between East and West Germany, Bonn seemed somewhat surprised and suspicious about Ulbricht's move. Brandt said only that he would discuss the Ulbricht proposals in his January state-of-the-nation report.

What was Ulbricht up to? Some diplomats in Bonn thought that he was cynically offering West Germany the kind of negotiations it could not agree to. More likely, however, the old Stalinist had been under some pressure from Moscow to adopt a more flexible approach and had responded by changing his tactics but not his ultimate goal of full diplomatic recognition for his half of Germany. A poll published in the illustrated magazine *Stern* last week showed that most West Germans were more inclined than a few years ago to grant much of what Ulbricht wants. According to the poll, 74% advocate talks between Brandt and Ulbricht and 68% believe that the former German lands now contained within Poland are lost forever.

HISTORICAL PICTURES



PUBLIC HANGING AT TYBURN IN LATE 18TH CENTURY
The guests stayed for breakfast.

BRITAIN

Sacking the Hangman

"Great Britain is that peculiar country in Europe," Arthur Koestler once wrote, "where people drive on the left side of the road, measure in inches and yards, and hang people by the neck until dead." Hanging has indeed been a peculiarly British institution. During the 18th century, while capital punishment was being restricted elsewhere, the number of capital offenses under England's criminal law, which was commonly known as the "bloody code," increased fivefold, to more than 220. They included everything from associating with gypsies to stealing turnips.

The gallows and the gibbet were almost as commonplace as the village church, and "hanging days" were occasions for revelry. In London at the "Tyburn tree" (the present location of Marble Arch), crowds of 100,000 or more assembled to watch the festivities. Distinguished visitors to the ceremonies at Newgate prison were often invited to remain for breakfast. "And if there were no more than six or seven hanged," according to one chronicler, the guests "would return grumbling and disappointed . . . After breakfast was over, the whole party adjourned to see the 'cutting down.'" In 1800, a boy of ten was sentenced to death for "secreting notes" at the Chelmsford post office because, the judge noted, his act suggested "art and contrivance." The following year, a youth of 13 was hanged for stealing a spoon. The hangmen were as popular as movie stars are today.

Reform came surprisingly late. Not

until 1908 was the death penalty abolished for children under 16, and not until 1931 for expectant mothers. In 1957, a new homicide act sought to limit the use of capital punishment in murder cases to hardened criminals. Harold Wilson's newly elected Labor government in 1965 pushed through Parliament a law abolishing capital punishment in murder cases on an experimental basis for five years.

Final Debate. As the trial period nears its end, a nationwide debate has gone on over whether or not to make the abolition permanent. Police and prison officers lobbied for a return to hanging. Most Britons seemed to side with them; polls showed that as many as 84% of the public were in favor of bringing back the hangman. One dissenter was Albert Pierrepoint, the retired public executioner, who had hanged some 450 persons in his day. "I have very strong personal feelings about this," he told the tabloid *Sun*. "I hope Jim Callaghan gets his way."

It was Home Secretary Callaghan who led the fight against hanging in the House of Commons last week. "There are times when Parliament has to act in advance of public opinion and give a lead," he said. He pointed out that before 1965, the actual number of executions in Britain had averaged only two a year—hardly enough to affect "the credibility of law and order." Most Laborites favored abolition of the death penalty, and many Tories opposed it. But in the balloting, numerous Tories, including Opposition Leader Ted Heath, voted with the majority. By 343 to 185, the Commons

voted to end capital punishment, except for a few rare state offenses: arson in Her Majesty's dockyards, piracy on the high seas, and treason.

The bill then went to the House of Lords, which in the past has been a stronghold of pro-hanging sentiment. This time, however, the mood had changed markedly. Declared Lord Gardiner, the Lord Chancellor: "I think that human beings who are not infallible ought not to choose a form of punishment which is irreparable." On that reasonable note, the Lords voted down 220-174 a three-year delaying amendment, and joined Commons in outlawing capital punishment in the British Isles as the penalty for murder.

Another old British custom died last week. It was the Royal Navy's tot of rum. For the past 238 years, a good part of the yo-ho-ho in any British sailor's day came precisely at seven bells (11:30 a.m.), when the bosun of a Royal Navy ship anywhere in the world piped "up spirits" to signal the daily ration of spirits. The traditional reward for any man who had spliced the mainbrace or pulled another tough deck duty was an extra tot, and for many tars one of the attractions of helping Britannia rule the waves was to collect their cup of "Nelson's blood."

The ration had been cut already from its original half-pint of 95.5 proof spirits to a less sinkable eighth-pint measure of watered-down rum. Even so, the British Admiralty announced last week, grog must go. Said Admiral Sir Michael le Fanu, the First Sea Lord: "Rum is not appropriate to a modern, instant-response navy." In the future, officers will be able to buy any amount of other spirits aboard ship, but ordinary seamen will have to make do with three cans of 6% beer per day.

PANAMA

A Day at the Races

During a weekend jaunt to Mexico City for the annual running of the "Caribbean Classic," Panama's strongman, General Omar Torrijos, ran into a stretch of bad luck. First, the general, who seized power in a coup 14 months ago, lost a bundle on a Panamanian nag that had the nerve to finish fifth in a field of twelve. Then, back in Panama City, a couple of colonels tried to make it a daily double by turning him out of office in a counter-coup. The result, within 48 fast-moving hours, was a counter-counter-coup, something that not even Panama has experienced before.

The plot seemed to have been stolen from O. Henry's *Cabbages and Kings*. The action was confined mainly to the Guardia Nacional, the swaggering 5,000-man force that defends, polices and—nowadays—governs the tiny country of 1.3 million. Until problems of pride and suspicions of graft arose, Torrijos had been close to the two rebellious colonels. One of them, mustachioed Col-

onel Ramiro Silvera, 42, had spent much of his career as Panama's top traffic cop before becoming Torrijos' No. 2 man in the Guardia. The other plotter, popular Colonel Amado Sanjur, 38, was Silvera's chief of staff.

There had been jealousy in Torrijos' four-man junta ever since the coup of October 1968, which ousted President Arnulfo Arias for the third time in his remarkable political career—this time after only eleven days in office. When



TORRIJOS AFTER TRIUMPHAL RETURN
So much for the daily double.

one junta member, Colonel Boris Martinez, began to get overambitious, Torrijos had him handcuffed, gagged, and tossed aboard a plane to Florida, where he now works as a filling station attendant. Evidently fearing similar treatment, Silvera and Sanjur decided to move first. With Torrijos out of town, they summoned the puppet provisional President, Colonel José Pinilla, and his Vice President, Colonel Bolívar Urrutia, to Guardia headquarters. Torrijos was finished, they announced. His crime? He had indulged in personalismo (building a "personality cult").

It might have been a textbook coup. The obvious dissidents were carted off to jail. The radio stations broadcast the news calmly, and there was no panic in the streets. But the colonels had miscalculated in one vital area: most of the Guardia remained loyal to the tough, personable 40-year-old general, who had promoted many of the junior officers.

Even as the colonels reshuffled Torrijos' Cabinet, rival Guardia officers prepared to bring their chief back. Next day, word came from Mexico City: "Torrijos is returning." On that signal, 14 truckloads of Guardsmen roared out of a garrison at outlying Tocumen Airport. Some fanned out over the coun-

try, others sped into Panama City and pulled up at the dingy, Victorian Guardia headquarters. After a bit of harmless shooting, Sanjur and Silvera were led off to jail.

Folk Hero. Meanwhile, Torrijos dashed back to Panama—after a fashion. After a long, hopscoth flight back from Mexico in a small plane, Torrijos finally landed by the light of torches at a remote airstrip near David, 300 miles west of Panama City. Then came a triumphant, ten-hour ride into the capital in a fleet of rattler buses whose entourage of private cars and cheering campesinos grew at every hamlet.

The *opéra bouffe* episode made Torrijos, who likes to style himself the "Maximum Leader," into a folk hero. His first act was to replace Pinilla and Urrutia with two civilians. The conspiring colonels are being held for trial by military tribunal. Torrijos is under pressure to go easy on them so as not to create an atmosphere that would frighten away foreign investors. But the colonels will be lucky if they get off with exile at a Florida filling station.

UGANDA

Shots Above the Music

Attired in a flashy crimson shirt and surrounded by security police, Apolo Milton Obote, the President of Uganda, was making his way through a cheering mob. He was leaving Kampala's Lugogo Stadium, where his ruling People's Congress had just approved his "Common Man's Charter," which was designed to turn his country into a socialist one-party state. While the army band blared out the party song, "Uganda Is Marching Forward," three shots rang out. Obote, 44, a onetime herdboy who led his country (pop. 8,000,000) to independence seven years ago, clutched his head and fell. In the crowd, women moaned and groveled on the ground, and party officials beat the air in rage.

Obote was rushed to a hospital, where doctors said that he had suffered a head wound but would recover. His government declared a state of emergency, banned the small opposition Democratic Party, and kept a watchful eye on the Buganda area, largest of the four former tribal kingdoms within Uganda. In transforming his country into a republic, Obote has harshly suppressed many of Buganda's people. Three years ago, Obote's troops drove the once powerful Kabaka of Buganda, who was known as "King Freddie," from his palace in Kampala.

Freddie fled into exile and died last month in London. The cause of death, said the coroner's report, was an extremely high level of alcohol in his bloodstream. The Kabaka's followers claimed he had been poisoned by Obote's agents and swore revenge. Outside the stadium last week police seized a man who was thought to be one of the Kabaka's followers.

ARABS

Summit in Rabat

Tunisia's Habib Bourguiba was genuinely ill with infectious hepatitis, Iraq's Hassan Bakr appeared to have a diplomatic ailment, and Syria's Nouredine Atassi simply stayed home. But every other leader of the Arab League nations, as well as Guerrilla Leader Yasser Arafat, at week's end converged on Rabat for the first Arab summit in two years. The dominant figure, of course, was Gamal Abdel Nasser. The principal aim of the Egyptian President was to try once again to unite the divided Arabs in order to exert increased pressure on Israel.

The difficulty of such an assignment was immediately evident. Half an hour before the scheduled time of the opening session, the proceedings were abruptly postponed for one day. Arab officials explained that some of the leaders were tired and needed rest. The more plausible explanation was that they wanted time to thresh out in private conferences the agenda for the summit. Much of the discussion probably centered on demands by Arafat and Nasser for more support and solidarity. Arafat, who arrived aboard Nasser's plane, wants more money for his guerrillas and a straightforward declaration of support from every Arab League member. Nasser himself hopes to secure an increase in the annual subsidies that Saudi Arabia, Kuwait and Libya pay out of oil royalties to support their embattled brothers. The payments presently amount to \$358 million, and before the summit Saudi Arabia and Kuwait demurred at any increase in their donations.

The halls of the Rabat Hilton echoed with the usual anti-Israel sentiments. But discussions were tempered somewhat by the course of outside events. Nasser recently sent a delegation to Moscow seeking increased arms shipments.

The Egyptians also sought a vigorous *nyet* to recent U.S. peace proposals, which include, among other things, Israeli withdrawal from Sinai in return for a negotiated peace settlement with the Egyptians. The delegation came home bearing a message from Premier Alexei Kosygin saying that Moscow still hopes for a political settlement of the Middle East crisis. Until the Soviets change their minds, which seems highly improbable, Arab cries for another round of fighting against Israel are likely to remain only a hollow threat.

LIBYA

Young Men in a Hurry

Until the overthrow of King Idris last September, Libya was an oasis of Western opportunity between Egypt and Algeria. But in the four months since a group of young army officers seized power, much of that has changed. Last week U.S. Ambassador Joseph Palmer acceded to the wishes of Strongman Muammar Gaddafi, who demanded that the U.S. withdraw entirely from Wheelus airbase outside the city. The base was used for bombing and gunnery training for NATO-assigned U.S. fighter squadrons. In similar sessions, the British also agreed to give up smaller bases at Tobruk and El Adem.

The U.S. had no option except to give up a base whose lease would have expired in 1971 anyway. "The sky over Arab Libya," charged Colonel Gaddafi, "is being polluted by foreign planes." Whipping up popular sentiment against the American and British military presence, Gaddafi asserted that Libyans were being "terrified" by colonialist soldiers. Unless Britain and the U.S. agreed to give up their bases, he threatened to take them by force.

Changing the System. Gaddafi and the members of his nine-man Revolutionary Command Council were virtually unknown in Libya before the



LIBYA'S COLONEL GADDAFI
Pollution by foreign planes.

September coup. Gaddafi, for example, was a poor boy who grew up in a tent. Now, while Arab boys hawk his pictures in Tripoli's Ninth of August Square (named for Libya's Army Day), Gaddafi leads a campaign to wipe out the graft and privilege that depressed the country during the monarchy. About 600 ranking officers, politicians, civil servants and wealthy businessmen have been jailed. The 25,000 Italians, 7,000 Americans and 5,000 Britons, who previously enjoyed special status in a backward Arab society, are uncertain about their future in Libya.

Libya's new rulers are stressing their allegiance to the stern precepts of Islam. One of the junta's first decrees was to outlaw beer and whisky. In Tripoli TIME Correspondent Gavin Scott discovered that "up" and "down" elevator buttons had been covered by tape to obscure the offending English words. All foreign-language street signs were removed. Because the menus must be printed only in Arabic, waiters in hotels must translate aloud the list of dishes to non-Arabic-speaking diners. To their great embarrassment, hotel guests are confusing the Arabic equivalents of "ladies" and "gents."

Reason to Get Along. The Libyan junta plays up its dedication to the Arab cause. It warmly received Al-Fatah Leader Yasser Arafat and presented him with \$240,000 for the guerrillas. But the U.S. and Britain are trying to get along with the new rulers, and the main reason is Libyan oil. Since the '67 closure of Suez, Libyan exports have doubled because high-grade Libyan oil lies closer to Europe without the canal than most Arabian oil. Thirty-eight companies, mostly American and British, presently pump about 3.7 million barrels a day. Libya now ranks as the third largest oil exporter (after Venezuela and Iran). Since the government receives \$1 on each barrel, oil accounts



FEISAL WITH NASSER IN CAIRO ON WAY TO MEETING
No threat without a *nyet*.

for 80% of Libya's national income.

The Revolutionary Command Council has promised to leave the oil industry in peace, though it has insisted that the companies must ask permission before sinking new wells. But Gaddafi has already "Libyanized" foreign banks, and he may cancel a contract signed by the deposed king for a \$336 million British-built missile-defense system. The French have apparently stolen a march on the British with an agreement negotiated by President Pompidou himself to supply 200 heavy tanks to Libya as well as 50 Mirage jets. Since the numbers are well in excess of Libya's needs, the speculation is that the planes and tanks undoubtedly will be lent to Egypt's Gamal Abdel Nasser, whom Gaddafi admiringly calls "Brother Nasser."

Meanwhile, the domestic economy is being hurt by the concentration on national identity. The Revolutionary Command Council ordered skilled Italian workers to leave construction jobs, a move that threw the unskilled Libyan laborers employed on the sites out of work. Dockworkers are idle because imports have dropped 85%. Unemployment has reportedly risen to 12% of the labor force. One reason for such problems might be that the army officers, who range in age from the mid-30s down to 23, are not yet prepared to handle a complex national economy. Also, the regime is still beset by internal rivalries. Gaddafi, however, apparently feels firmly in control, since he left the country at week's end to take part in the Rabat summit.

IRAN

Breaking the Habit

Only six hours after the Shah of Iran reluctantly signed the order, the sound of rifle fire cracked across an open field near Teheran, and ten blindfolded bodies fell to the ground. The ten men were executed not for committing murder or treason. They were the first victims of the world's toughest narcotics law. Iran's vigorous police campaign began 14 years ago, when health officials discovered to their alarm that 1 Iranian in 10 was an addict (total population 20 million in 1955). In some villages such as Sabzavar (pop. 40,000), where the soil is conducive to the growing of poppies, virtually everybody above the age of five smoked opium. Over the years, a government crackdown against poppy growing reduced Iran's addicts to 35,000. However, smugglers began bringing in opium from Turkey and Afghanistan, and the number of addicts rose to 250,000 in 1968. As a result, the government last July prescribed death by firing squad for anyone convicted of possessing more than two kilograms of opium or ten grams of heroin, morphine or cocaine. Another eight men are scheduled to be executed this week, and at least 50 more are being held.

ISRAEL

Cabinet of Hawks

It took Premier Golda Meir an entire month of bargaining to put together a Cabinet after last October's elections, in which her Labor party failed to win an absolute majority. But the time was obviously well spent. Last week she introduced to the Knesset (Parliament) the largest Cabinet in Israeli history. A coalition of five parties representing nearly 90% of the electorate, Golda's Cabinet was so large, in fact, that smaller chairs had to be used to accommodate the 24 ministers at the government table in the parliamentary chamber.

Reflecting the current mood in Israel, the new Cabinet was also the most

manent settlement in the occupied areas, will soon lose the important post of Labor party secretary, but as Finance Minister will have the thankless task of struggling with Israel's growing economic crisis.

By contrast, the hawks are on the rise. Moshe Dayan remains Defense Minister, and his wing of the Labor party has been strengthened by inclusion in the Cabinet of Technocrat Shimon Peres, who once served as David Ben-Gurion's Deputy Defense Minister.

By far the most outspoken hawk of all is a flamboyant newcomer to Israeli politics who bears one of the most celebrated names in Israeli history. He is Major General Ezer Weizman, 45, the former commander of the Israeli air force and the nephew of the late Chaim Weizmann, Israel's first President (Ezer dropped the second "n" as a gesture of independence). A member of the irredentist Gahal party, whose representation in the Cabinet increased from two to six, Weizman shed his uniform only last week to become Transportation Minister.

Weizman believes in sharp reprisals against the Arab terrorists. "If you don't keep giving the Arabs a bloody nose from time to time, the Arab balloon will blow up. We are going to live like this, hacking at each other, for some time to come." A fervent Zionist, Weizman has no patience with Israelis who would turn back occupied territories to the Arabs. "Do I have to preach to my children that I have the right to the land of Israel only where there are no Arabs?" he asks. "Or do I preach to my children that I have a right to this land because it is mine of right?"

Conflicting Ambitions. Sometimes described as a Jewish Jack Kennedy, Weizman is a tall, lean sportsman who in his spare time flies a vintage black Spitfire with red propeller. A Sabra (native Israeli), he learned to fly in the Royal Air Force during World War II. In 1947 he returned to Palestine, where he bombed Arab positions by dropping hand grenades from a Piper Cub. Weizman took over the air force in 1958 and fought for appropriations against tank-minded generals in order to build it into the superb offensive weapon that knocked out the Arab air forces within the first hours of the Six-Day War.

The general already has ambitious plans for the Transport Ministry. "For the love of me," he says, "I do not know why we can have one of the best air forces in the world—sorry, the best—and one of the worst train services. You see, I am not a humble man. But you just watch this wagon move from now on."

Weizman is the brother-in-law of Moshe Dayan, with whom he will serve on the Cabinet's defense committee. Weizman hopes that he can lead the Gahal party into power four years from now. He is fully aware that his main rival may be Dayan, who, of course, has ambitions of his own.



WEIZMAN IN GENERAL'S UNIFORM
Because it is mine.

militant in a decade. In a speech to the Knesset, Mrs. Meir reiterated her objections against Big Four peace plans ("There is no point in playing with formula and compromise suggestions"), endorsed the building of more Israeli settlements in the occupied territories, and stressed that her government would settle for nothing less than a genuine peace accord in which the Arabs would accept Israel's right to exist as a sovereign state.

Famous Name. Under the circumstances, the influence of Israel's leading moderates has declined. Abba Eban, who has advocated trading captured areas for a peace settlement, retained the Foreign Ministry, but he is losing the important information division, which is being set up as a separate ministry. Golda, annoyed by Eban's overly optimistic assessments of Israeli-U.S. relations, was reported to have told intimates that she did not really want "that man" in her Cabinet. Pinhas Sapir, who has spoken out against per-



It sounds a lot better than it looks.

There's more to beautiful stereo than meets the eye. After all, it's what you hear that really counts.

And what you hear depends on what goes inside.

Like our new FM tuner that pulls in the weakest stations clearly, switches automatically from monaural to stereo when you switch stations, and contains the easiest slide and push-

button controls.

And our new amplifier that gives you a full 200 watts of EIA rated power so you don't lose any high or low sound levels.

And the Dual 1019 automatic turntable with the Pickering magnetic cartridge for smooth, distortion-free sound.

And our air suspension speakers with wide-angle sound so you don't have to sit in one

spot to get the full stereo effect.

We put all these good things in because we think a great stereo should sound a lot better than it looks.

And even though you can't see it, it's nice to know that the stuff inside is even more beautiful than the package.

SYLVANIA
GENERAL TELEPHONE & ELECTRONICS



THE CLASSIC EGGNOG. IT'S MADE WITH RUM. IF IT'S NOT MADE WITH RUM, IT'S NOT THE CLASSIC EGGNOG.

Rum has had a great deal to do with making eggnog a holiday tradition.

Rum makes the smoothest of all nogs. Sure, there are people who mix it up with scotch and rye and bourbon. And just about anything. And people taste it and say, "Hey, that's not bad."

And it's not bad.

But a rumnog is good. And a Puerto Rican Rumnog has to be the best of the bunch.

Because Puerto Rican Rum is light and clear and dry. It's distilled at high proof. And aged. And purified. Puerto Rican law says it has to be. (You can buy several rums that aren't.)

You can mix 12 oz. of white or gold Puerto Rican Rum with 1 qt. dairy eggnog mix. Fold in 1 cup whipped cream and chill. It will serve 12.

But this recipe is better. Beat 12 egg yolks till light. Beat in $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. sugar till thick. Stir in 1 qt. milk and a fifth of white or gold Puerto Rican Rum. Chill 3 hours. Fold in 1 qt. stiffly whipped cream. Serves 24.

Try it.

We want your guests to say, "Hey. That's good. What's in it?"

PUERTO RICAN RUM

PEOPLE

Ten years ago, Actor **Sterling Hayden** said that sailing around the South Seas with his four children would help make them "sensitive, self-reliant human beings." Last week, in a Los Angeles court, his eldest son, **Christian**, now bearded and 21, was sentenced to 3½ years for draft evasion after an eloquent self-defense that included a quote he credited to John Bunyan: "I would rather spend the rest of my days in jail than make a butchery of my conscience." Christian's father, who won a Silver Star in World War II, is backing him.

There were rumors that Cleveland's Hall of Fame superpitcher, **Bob Feller**, might be nearly as fast with a ball-point as he once was with a baseball. Then his creditors came up swinging \$1,000 worth of rubber checks. But loyal Clevelanders, who regard the most unhappy Feller as a municipal monument, saved the day. The bad checks, along with about \$50,000 in business debts, have been anonymously repaid.

No one else brings out the beast in celebrity hounds as does Brooklyn's **Barbra Streisand**, who nearly lost her poise and her manager while trying to get into the Broadway premiere of her film *Hello, Dolly!* Barbra barely avoided being knocked to the pavement when rampaging fans crashed through police barricades, overran the singer's flying wedge of personal escorts, and bloodied Manager Marty Erlichman. The girl did not find it funny. "I'll never go to another premiere," she vowed.

"Hard and sharp as flint, secret and self-contained, and solitary as an oyster"—Charles Dickens' vinegary character-

ization of Scrooge in *A Christmas Carol* sounded slightly odd in the mellifluous baritone of New York's Mayor **John Lindsay**. The mayor confessed that he was miscast as narrator of the Robert F. Kennedy Theater for Children production. Now that it's budget-squeezing time at City Hall, Lindsay intimated that he was better equipped for Scrooge.

The *Guinness Book of World Records* credits Composer **Hoagy Carmichael** with the longest song title ever perpetrated: *I'm a Cranky Old Yank in a Clanky Old Tank on the Streets of Yokohama with my Honolulu Mama Doin' Those Beat-o, Beat-o, Flat-on-My-Seat-o, Hirohito Blues*.

"I've never seen him paint a child," mused the great **Raphael** authority Dr. John Shearman, unconsciously



RAPHAEL PORTRAIT
Lady in question.

speaking of the artist in the present tense. "It reveals a new side of him." On Shearman's authentication, the Boston Museum of Fine Arts has purchased a hitherto unknown portrait by Italy's Renaissance master. Shearman dates the painting in 1505—when Raphael was 22—and believes it to be a betrothal portrait for twelve-year-old Eleonora Gonzaga, daughter of the Duke of Mantua.

Christmas comes but twice a year for Admiral **John S. McCain**, U.S. naval commander in the Pacific. After spending the holiday with the troops in Viet Nam, the admiral plans to hop a jet—and cross the international dateline—in time to share a turkey with his wife in Honolulu.

Children of every race and nationality thronged a UNICEF Christmas party at the United Nations, but one kid asked Comedian **Godfrey Cambridge**: "Why

MARTHA HOLMES



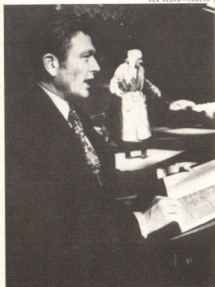
GODFREY CAMBRIDGE
Santa in shape.

are you a brown Santa?" "We come in all colors this year," breezed Santa, who had even stuffed the traditional pillow under his belt. Time was when he would not have needed it; Cambridge once weighed 370 lbs.

Willem Alberts owns the nightclub Pompidou near The Hague, and just before the Common Market summit conference in that city, he received a phone call from the French embassy. Out of respect for President **Georges Pompidou**, he was asked to rename his establishment. "Well, I could change the spelling from Pompidou to Pompidoe," said he. "It's the same pronunciation in Dutch. But you will have to pay the cost of changing my neon sign." Not a word since from the embassy, which apparently does not feel that one letter is worth the price (\$20). Anyway, Pompidou loves nightclubs.

The Brookline, Mass., Fire Department cannot rely too often on a 75-year-old musician with a 31-year-old fire engine. Still, it has taken official cognizance of the **Arthur Fiedler** Hook and Ladder Company. The Boston Pops conductor, a lifelong fire buff who owns several hundred fire helmets, was all ready for his first alarm after his family presented him with the venerable pump truck for his 75th birthday.

Sweden's dull-but-dirty skin flick *I Am Curious (Yellow)* was banned in Boston and remains banned, by a 7-1 vote of the U.S. Supreme Court that overturned a federal court decision against a censorious local tribunal. The lone dissenter was much-married Justice **William O. Douglas**, who emphasized that he voted as he did because he is against censorship—"not because, as frequently charged, I relish obscenity."



MAYOR LINDSAY
Scrooge in City Hall.

THE LAW

Can Calley Get a Fair Trial?

The lawyers who will be defending him and the military judge who will preside at his court-martial seem to agree on one vital issue: Army Lieut. William Calley Jr., who is charged with the murder of 109 Vietnamese civilians, may be unable to get a fair trial. According to the judge, Lieut. Colonel Reid Kennedy, potential witnesses have been violating his orders against talking to the press. Powerless to enforce the ban, Kennedy called on the Attorney General of the U.S. last week to look into ways of prosecuting five news organizations* and certain individuals—though just what the charges might be was unclear.

The defense joined in protesting the news reports, but it also offered another argument. By holding Calley in the military beyond his discharge date, said his lawyers, the Army is keeping him in "involuntary servitude." Arguing that a court-martial does not adequately protect a defendant's rights, they made a motion to dismiss the charges. Even Calley's career-Army lawyer, Major Kenneth Raby, concurred, quoting a recent Supreme Court decision that criticizes military trials as "marked by the age-old manifest destiny of retributive justice."

Minimum Constraints. Many observers go even further. They question whether Calley can get a fair trial in any court of law—military or civilian. Where, they ask, is the potential juror

who has not heard or read some account of events in My Lai on March 16, 1968, that would affect his verdict? President Nixon himself may have influenced the trial when he asserted at his press conference this month that civilians were killed in the village. "There is not anybody in this country," insists Calley's civilian attorney, George Latimer, "who does not think that the My Lai incident is abhorrent, because the President said it was."

Others raise doubts whether the autocratic military structure can ever permit a fair trial for Calley or anyone else who may be charged in the case. They suspect that the Army may well try to blame low-echelon officers in order to absolve the top brass—and to avoid an indictment of its conduct of the war in general.

Conversely, a number of lawyers contend that a military court may be biased in favor of Calley. The ten members of the court-martial, five or more of whom will ultimately decide Calley's fate, have already been chosen by Major General Orwin C. Talbott, commanding general at Fort Benning, Ga. All career officers at Fort Benning, they range in rank from captain to lieutenant colonel; five are in the infantry, two in the Signal Corps and three in other branches of the Army.

A career officer who has seen combat is in fact much more likely than a civilian juror to understand the strain on the G.I.s at My Lai. Professor Paul Lianos of Boston University Law School believes that Calley's fellow officers may well resist pressures from above to make him a scapegoat. Moreover, says Lianos, such men are "usually sophisticated compared with most juries, and it is harder to sway them by emotionalism."

Citing the Press. In Washington, Pentagon spokesmen insist that they are determined to see that Calley gets a fair trial. They point to recent changes in the Uniform Code of Military Justice that assure fair procedures by requiring, for example, that the military judiciary be independent of base commanding officers. But the main flaw in military justice remains "command influence." Members of a court-martial are doubtless sensitive to the wishes of their superiors. Basically, says Professor Alan Dershowitz of Harvard Law School, "I don't think any court-martial can be fair with the kind of control the military has over its men."

Whatever its hold on men in uniform, the Army lacks control over the press. In its free press-fair trial rules, the American Bar Association recommended that judges cite for contempt anyone who publishes material "willfully designed" to influence the outcome of a trial. It has not yet been suggested that any news organization has gone to that extreme in Calley's case. And even for civilian trials, the Supreme Court

Top of the Decade

- ▶ In *Baker v. Carr*, the Supreme Court paves the way for reapportionment of electoral districts across the nation, 1962.
- ▶ In *Gideon v. Wainwright*, the Supreme Court guarantees indigent a lawyer for trials involving serious crimes, 1963.
- ▶ Martin Luther King's jailing in Birmingham, Ala., which gave new respectability to the strategy of disobedience to unjust laws, 1963.
- ▶ The civil rights acts of 1964, 1965 and 1968, the most important legislative attacks on racial inequality since the post-Civil War Reconstruction era.
- ▶ In *Miranda v. Arizona*, the Supreme Court spells out the rights of criminal suspects in police custody, 1966.
- ▶ Florida's stay of execution for inmates on death row begins a two-year moratorium on capital punishment in the U.S., 1967.
- ▶ The Omnibus Crime Control and Safe Streets Act, Congress' tough response to popular demands for stronger action against crime, 1968.
- ▶ Abe Fortas' resignation from the Supreme Court stirs a national debate over judicial ethics, 1969.
- ▶ Warren Burger's installation as Chief Justice, 1969.
- ▶ The opening of the trial of the Chicago Eight, a courtroom extravaganza that may shrink the limits of political dissent, 1969.

has not decided if a judge may cite a news organization for contempt without violating the First Amendment guarantee of a free press.

If Calley is convicted, the Supreme Court could ultimately decide that the rule against "prejudicial publicity" handed down in the *Sam Sheppard* case (1966) also entitles Calley to another trial. But the two cases are quite different. Sheppard was the victim of a newspaper campaign in one city that seemed a deliberate attempt to convict him. Nevertheless, no one ever demonstrated a direct connection between the jurors' verdict in that case and what they heard or read. In Calley's case, despite enormous publicity, both the facts and issues remain in dispute. No matter how many news reports he may have read, a juror will have to hear the courtroom testimony before he can truly decide Calley's guilt or innocence.

The real conflict is between an individual's rights and the public's insistence upon knowing the true story of an event that is of major moral and political importance. Convinced that in this case at least private right and public demand are irreconcilable, the American Civil Liberties Union has urged the Army to drop the charges against Calley. Instead, the A.C.L.U. recommends a broad investigation of the massacre by a presidential commission. Such an inquiry would presumably provide a far



RABY AND CLIENT
Individual right v. public demand.

* Including Time and Life, the National Broadcasting Co., *The Houston Chronicle* and the Associated Press.

more objective forum for reaching the truth than a military court—though publication of its report might prejudice any later trials growing out of the My Lai affair. At any rate, with a hearing set for Jan. 20 on the defense argument that Calley cannot get a fair trial, his court-martial may not start until spring, if it is held at all.

Everybody in the Pool

Hundreds of U.S. suburbs boast a new lure for homeowners: a community-owned recreational center. By purchasing shares and paying a fee, residents can join a "neighborhood association" and use its swimming pool. But what if a resident is a Negro?

The answer seemed obvious to Paul E. Sullivan, a white systems analyst at the Pentagon. As a homeowner in a suburban development in Virginia's Fairfax County, Sullivan belonged to the residents' swimming club, which is called Little Hunting Park Inc. And in 1965, when he rented his house to Theodore R. Freeman Jr., a Negro economist at the Agriculture Department, Sullivan assumed that Freeman's lease entitled him to join the club. Instead, the club barred the Negro tenant. When Sullivan protested, the club barred him too. Sullivan was angry enough to join Freeman in fighting the case up to the Virginia Supreme Court of Appeals. They lost: the judges upheld a lower-court ruling that Little Hunting Park was a private club, and was thus free to restrict the pool to whites.

Last week, by a vote of 5 to 3, the U.S. Supreme Court reversed that ruling and upheld the right of both plaintiffs to sue the Little Hunting Park club in a state court. Speaking for the majority, Justice William O. Douglas held that the "private club" was legally no such thing because "no selective element other than race" was the qualification for membership. "What we have here," wrote Douglas, "is a device functionally comparable to a racially restrictive covenant."

Unhealthy Atmosphere. The decision —from which Chief Justice Warren Burger dissented—does not touch truly private clubs. But it may deter blatant discrimination in similar recreational centers, which number as many as 130 in the Virginia-Maryland suburbs alone.

Ironically, Freeman himself will not use the pool in Little Hunting Park; though he can seek damages, he is now a U.S. agricultural aide in Tokyo. Sullivan has leased the house to another Negro, Air Force Sergeant James L. Malloy, but he hesitates to join the club. "There is a very unhealthy atmosphere here," says Malloy, "and I know my children won't be welcome at the pool."

* The dissenters criticized the majority for basing their ruling on the Civil Rights Act of 1966, since Congress had passed newer open-housing legislation in 1968. Arguing that interpreting the old statute was thus of little importance to the public, the minority said that the court should not have heard the case.

MEDICINE

The Private Alternative

Britain's National Health Service offers free medical care from cradle to grave, but increasing numbers of Britons fear they may be in their graves before they reach the end of the interminable queues for services. Seeking an alternative, 2,000,000 Britons now pay for additional private medical insurance. The number has doubled in ten years, and private insurers predict that 5,000,000 people, a tenth of the population of England and Wales, will eventually be covered by their policies.

For this fiscal year the cost of the distressed Health Service is estimated at \$4.5 billion, more than 5% of the national income. But N.H.S. has far too much to do and too little money, facilities and manpower. Almost half of the 2,500 N.H.S. hospitals in England and Wales were built before 1891. Despite a \$615 million building program, many patients will continue to be hospitalized in converted 19th century workhouses for years to come.

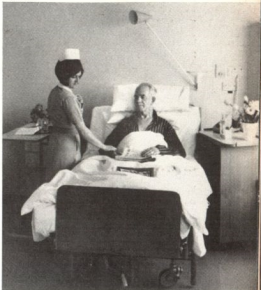
Often, their patience is sorely tried. There are more people on the N.H.S. waiting list for hospitalization for non-emergency procedures than there are beds (468,000). Genuine emergencies get prompt attention, but the average delay for a tonsillectomy is 22 weeks, and many patients must wait a year for other elective surgery.

Two-Way Benefits. For these reasons, Britons are turning to the private alternative. When a patient pays his own bills, he can set the date for his operation and count on getting the surgeon he wants. He will recuperate not in a bustling ward but in one of the 4,398 private beds that N.H.S. sets aside in its hospitals for those willing to pay. He may also receive as many visitors as he wants; in an N.H.S. ward the limit is two at a time for an hour a day. Many privately insured patients undergo operations at the expense of N.H.S., then convalesce in paid-for comfort in one of its private rooms or at a private hospital or nursing home.

By providing attractive services, Britain's three private medical insurers have developed a booming business. The largest, British United Provident Association, controls 14 nursing homes containing 464 beds, offers nine different hospitalization plans to its 1,500,000 members, and now takes in \$30 million a year. Like the two other private firms, the company offers coverage for private medical care, hospitalization, nursing and surgical services.

Every British jobholder pays a weekly N.H.S. tax of 46¢ per man, 38¢ per woman and 26¢ per child. The added expense of private coverage, a minimum of \$58 a year for a family of three to a top of about \$166, once made it accessible to only a small minority. No longer. Roughly 70% of Provident's re-

TOR PICTON



NURSING HOME IN LONDON

The surgeon and time by choice.

cent business has come from company group policies. Once limited to top executives, these policies are being extended to more and more employees.

Despite the growth of private medical care, the 21-year-old National Health Service is in no danger of extinction. There have been bitter complaints (most recently over increased charges for false teeth and eyeglasses and imposition of a 30¢ prescription fee), but the British know that the program has served them well. In a recent survey, 95% of those interviewed rated N.H.S. good to excellent. Moreover, nine out of ten people who have private hospitalization plans still use their government-paid general practitioner as a free family doctor.

Top of the Decade

- The Pill approved for U.S. prescription use as oral contraceptive, 1960.
- Treatment of kidney disease by transplantation and routine dialysis, 1960.
- Oral polio vaccine, 1961.
- Vaccines against common ("red") measles, 1963.
- L-dopa as a non-surgical treatment for parkinsonism, 1966.
- Medicoid (in some states) and Medicor, 1966.
- Enzyme treatment (L-asparaginase) for leukemia, 1967.
- Transplantation of the first human heart, 1967.
- "Reverse vaccination" at the time of a woman's first delivery to ward off future Rh incompatibility crises, 1968.
- Vaccine against German measles (rubella), 1969.

SPORT

Big Man Among Men

Never in the history of pro basketball has a rookie walked on the court to such trumpeting ballyhoo. When Lew Alcindor joined the Milwaukee Bucks this fall, he was proclaimed an instant superstar, another Bill Russell or Wilt Chamberlain—or both rolled into one. At 7 ft. 1½ in., Alcindor is the tallest man in a big man's game, and his brilliance at center for U.C.L.A.—2,325 career points, three-time All-America, three national champion teams—was all on the record. How could he miss?

In years past, Alcindor might already have made a shambles of the National Basketball Association. But basketball,



ALCINDOR SHOOTING AGAINST CHAMBERLAIN
How could he miss?

like other major sports, has grown to include more teams with bigger, faster players slugging it out on tougher, longer schedules. So far, Alcindor has hardly embarrassed his opposition. At times, he has been badly outplayed by Los Angeles' Chamberlain and such other hard-nosed pros as New York's Willis Reed and San Francisco's Nate Thurmond. Says Thurmond: "It used to be that you'd only come up against one or two great post men—like Russell, for instance. Now every team has a good center. Lew is finding that out. He's got a long road ahead."

Not that anyone considers Alcindor a failure. His awesome height and fluid style make him a continual scoring threat. "He's very quick," says Philadelphia Center Darrell Imhoff. "He

makes some fantastic moves around the basket. He's a great passer and a great dribbler—he can handle the ball like a small forward." With the season nearly half over, Alcindor is fourth in points scored with 849; he is the main reason that Milwaukee, weakest in the N.B.A. Eastern Division last year, now ranks third, with a good chance of making the playoffs.

Better and Better. Alcindor's biggest weakness is on defense—in the elbow-swinging battle for the ball under the basket. He averages only 14 rebounds a game; rival coaches figure he should get 20 just for showing up. There are times, too, when he seems to wilt under the game's man-killing pace. Sometimes he does not hustle back quickly enough on defense, or dash down the floor at top speed on offensive breaks.

Lew readily admits to his failings. "But time," he says confidently, "is going to be on my side." After all, he is only 22, and no less an authority than Boston General Manager Red Auerbach believes that he "probably has as great a future as anyone who ever played the game." Adds San Francisco Coach George Lee: "I have this sick feeling that he's just going to get better and better."

Whipping Up the Redskins

He treats us all the same—like dogs.

—Green Bay Tackle Henry Jordan, describing Coach Vince Lombardi.

While Lombardi was lashing them on, the Green Bay dogs had their day every Sunday. Under Lombardi's iron rule, they terrorized the National Football League for eight years. No more, for this year Mr. Lombardi, as he is known to his players, went to Washington to apply his whip to the moribund Redskins.

While other football fans anxiously await the battles between the N.F.L. and A.F.L. divisional champions, Washington fans can relax and contemplate their bright future. The Redskins, who had not enjoyed a winning season since 1955, had by week's end fashioned a 7-4-2 record to clinch a second-place finish behind Dallas in the N.F.L.'s Capitol Division. Good as that was, Lombardi was not satisfied: "Let's not get all worked up about this team. We still have a long way to go, and a lot of areas need shoring up."

Making Breaks. He is just the man to do the shoring. When he left his post as general manager of the Packers to accept the Redskins' offer (of about 5% of the stock), the first thing Lombardi did was to lure Sam Huff out of retirement. A four-time All-Pro middle linebacker, Huff came back simply because "Lombardi is my kind of guy." Sam proved as rugged and mobile as ever. In the first game against Philadelphia, he came from nowhere to pick

off a Norm Snead pass and lumber 18 yds. for a touchdown.

Vince made a point of establishing good rapport with the Peck's Bad Boy of pro football Quarterback Sonny Jurgensen. Lombardi has an unaccountable soft spot for rakkells—a good thing, because Jurgensen, despite his off-the-field antics, can throw farther and more accurately than any other man in the game. This season he completed 249 passes, a league-leading total supported by Lombardi's fundamentalist ground game. "That's one area we improved upon this year," says Vince, "just by making them run." One result of Lombardi's endless drills: Rookie Larry Brown averaged 4.4 yds. per carry to rank fifth among N.F.L. rushers.

The Redskins learned another bit of Lombardi orthodoxy as well: Make your

Top of the Decade

- ▶ Roger Maris of the New York Yankees hits 61 home runs in a single season, 1961.
- ▶ Jack Nicklaus, at 22, becomes the youngest golfer ever to win the U.S. Open, 1962.
- ▶ Jim Ryun, age 20, sets the world record of 3:51.1 in the mile run, 1967.
- ▶ The Green Bay Packers defeat the Dallas Cowboys 21-17 for an unprecedented third straight National Football League title, 1967.
- ▶ Bob Beamon breaks the world long-jump record by almost two feet with a leap of 29 ft. 2½ in., 1968.
- ▶ The New York Jets beat the Baltimore Colts 16-7 to become the American Football League's first Super Bowl champions, 1969.
- ▶ The Boston Celtics, under Player-Coach Bill Russell, win their eleventh National Basketball Association title in 13 years, 1969.
- ▶ Rod Laver becomes the first tennis player in history to achieve two grand slams, 1969.
- ▶ The New York Mets rise out of the cellar to defeat the Baltimore Orioles in the World Series, 1969.
- ▶ Pelé, Brazilian soccer star and the world's highest-paid professional athlete, scores his 1,000th goal, 1969.

own breaks. Against Philadelphia, Defensive End Carl Kammerer belted Quarterback Snead so hard in the end zone that the ball popped loose. Rookie Lineman John Hoffman dived onto the ball for a touchdown as the 'Skins went on to win 34-29.

Building a championship team in Washington will be no mean feat—even for Lombardi. Huff is retiring for good now, and Jurgensen will be 36 next August. Still, N.F.L. coaches have noted that Washington's won-lost record is almost the same as the 7-5 compiled by Green Bay in 1959—the year Lombardi took over as head coach. Says Dallas Coach Tom Landry: "Like everyone else, Vince will have to build his team up with the draft. Only in his case, he makes things happen quicker."



WISE MEN KNOW IT IS ONE WORLD

ONE THOUSAND, nine hundred and sixty-nine years ago, *starlight* caught the awe and wonder of the wisemen. In 1969, *moonlight* through modern technology and the courage of astronauts, captured the minds of men.

In both instances the light of truth came from heaven. Each truth was *fear-filled* and wonderful. Wise men stopped to contemplate the meaning of the light.

From Bethlehem came the message that we are *one* in spirit, we are *one* in the

flesh. From the barren moon came the message that we live in *one* world, that all our problems: peace, population, and prosperity—are common problems.

THE AZURE PLANET hung in the black night of space! To the astronaut it was "mother earth," it was home. It is *home* to us who live and work, and love, and share this blessed planet with its air, its water, its land, its people. So *blessed* that God chose earth of all the planets as the birth-

place of His Son—*one world* floating in a galaxy of a hundred billion stars. And beyond, a thousand million galaxies, each with a thousand million stars and planets.



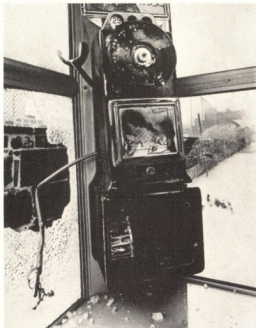
The eye cannot see or the hand touch, or the mind of man imagine what the heavens have in store for each of us. Both the angel and the astronauts brought tidings of great joy. Fear not, rejoice, and be exceedingly glad.



Conrad N. Hilton
Barron Hilton

CONRAD N. HILTON

BARRON HILTON



In case of emergency, dial...

It was an emergency, all right. You saw this man collapse on the street. Someone yelled, "Call an ambulance!" You spotted a phone booth at the corner; you raced to it. But someone had beaten you to it...someone had made a shambles of that phone...

On a given day some 11,000 public phones in this country are out of commission.

They're out of order for different reasons. Innocent reasons. Malicious reasons.

An innocent reason could be a bent dime that jams the coin slot.

A malicious reason could be a criminal reason. It could result in cut wires, smashed housings, rifled coin boxes.

General Telephone—indeed, all telephone companies—have tried various preventive and detection devices to help cut down on vandalism.

But as things stand now, we can't keep up with the problem of policing all our public phones.

This is so in spite of the fact that we're the 2nd largest phone company in the country.

In spite of the fact that our regular repair service people check public phones on a regular basis.

Still, it isn't enough. We can't service a phone if we don't even know it's out of operation.

That's where you come in. And you. And you.

Appoint yourself a committee of one to let your phone company know about any public phone you've found out of commission. Just call your regular repair number. (It's a free call.)

Why should you bother?

Simply because a public phone that doesn't phone can hurt you more than it hurts us.

There might be a time—a life and death time—when a phone *has* to work. And doesn't.

Maybe you'll never have to call for an ambulance. Maybe you'll just have to call your wife about a—er—slight delay in getting home.

That could be a life-saver, too.

General Telephone & Electronics

730 Third Avenue, New York, New York 10017

MODERN LIVING

The Boston Supersoppers

Boston men call it the "snake pit." To their wives and daughters, it is the "fabulous FABB." By any name, Filene's Automatic Bargain Basement is the town's most riotous mob scene since the Boston Massacre.

Filene's has been in business for 61 years, and is testament to the curious fever that infects bargain hunters. Driven by the notion that they are saving while spending, they not only buy more than they need but, as Basement General Merchandise Manager James Gormley says, "they end up spending more money than they would normally." Each day throngs of shoppers—as many as 200,000 at Christmas time—surge through the store's three dungeon-like underground levels, fighting for everything from name-brand nylon panties at 39¢ a pair to a Russian sable worth \$8,500 and a positive steal at \$3,000. As the outlet for surplus stock from such fashionable stores as Saks Fifth Avenue, Neiman-Marcus and I. Magnin, the basement has become the happy hunting ground for Beacon Hill dowagers and Charlestown secretaries—all trading hip blocks with shoppers who regularly fly in from New York, Philadelphia, Washington, and as far west as Chicago.

No newcomer, though, is any match for the Boston supersoppers. Money pinned to their bras, they spend part of every business day prowling the base-

ment's depths while TV cameras and store detectives with walkie-talkies watch. Though some supersoppers resell their bargains at a profit, the most sophisticated brave the basement for the thrill of the hunt. Such is Mrs. Josephine Conroy of Needham, Mass., an attractive, smartly attired (all in Filene's bargains) grandmother.

Hooked on Filene's, she spends at least one hour each day in the basement "poking around." She explains, "It's a challenge to see how well you know your merchandise, your materials, your designers. You have to leave your courtesy at home and get there and mix it up like a longshoreman. But the joy of finding a really good bargain is worth it." One typical joyful day during last week's pre-Christmas rush:

8:55 A.M. Mrs. Conroy and her two daughters, Terry, 27, a Spanish teacher at the State College at Boston, and Mariann, 23, a housewife, meet at Colstone's Restaurant in The Hub. Huddled conspiratorily over their coffee, they plot the day's assault. "Terry," says Mrs. Conroy, "you hit the \$6.95 dress sale. Mariann, you head directly for that special on pants suits. I'll case the men's department."

9:05. Manager Gormley leaves his office to make last-minute checks with some of 800 employees. Eying crowds jammed behind restraining ropes at 13 entrances, he makes certain that nearby telephones are removed from their cradles. On more than one occasion, tense shoppers have stampeded when they mistook a phone ring for the gong announcing basement's opening.

9:30. Opening gong sounds. Conroys, now at front of crowd, fan out through basement. Other women come running and dodging like halfbacks from all directions, swiveling past pyramids of shoes (\$4.95), bins full of records (\$1.25), and piles of antique copper lanterns (\$25). "As you're running," explains Mrs. Conroy later, "you have to keep one eye up to spot the sizes and one eye down to make sure someone isn't trying to trip you."

9:34. Racks for sale dresses are stripped clean. Two women tugging on a Dior dress tear its seams. Caught in crush, one elderly lady faints and is hurried off to first aid. Survivors scurry off to corners, sort through dresses, throwing rejects on floor. They swap sizes with one another and exchange telephone numbers for later bartering. Mrs. Conroy: "You've got to hold your dresses tightly; otherwise some of those old squaws will sneak up behind you and snatch a few of them."

9:50. Conroys regroup, look over each other's finds, finger material, check labels, and return unwanted items. Mrs. Conroy, who spends upwards of \$500 each month (most of it for friends, who reimburse her), says: "It's easy to get carried away. So as a check we al-

ways ask each other: 'Do you really need this?'"

10:00. Shoppers crowd before mirrors trying on clothes. One woman removes her raincoat, turns seconds later to find another woman trying it on. Since there are no dressing rooms, shoppers pull on three, four dresses, one over the other. Others unashamedly strip to bra and panties. "A few years ago," says Manager Gormley, "so many men were spending lunch hours staring down at the women from the stairwell that we had to build partitions."

11:00. Stockboys wheel out new racks of dresses and are immediately mobbed. Mrs. Conroy: "We sort of crunch those poor boys up against the wall, grab what we can and then, resuming our ladylike dignity, trip off."

11:15. Conroys emerge from basement with day's take: last week's haul included eight place settings of gold-plated flatware for \$39.95 (original price: \$110), a man's fake suede car coat for \$6 (originally \$25), four pairs of lined, imported gloves at \$5 each (originally \$16), and a framed painting of a Spanish warrior for \$14.95 (once close to \$50). "A good shopper needs only one to two hours to case the place," says Mrs. Conroy. "Longer than that and you begin to get headaches."

9:30 P.M. Basement closes. Stockboys begin job of cleaning up mounds of hangers and dresses on floor. Gormley checks day's receipts (close to \$300,000): "All in all, a fairly routine day."

THAT NIGHT. At home in Needham Mrs. Conroy and Terry sort through day's buys, settling some aside to be wrapped for Christmas, others for storage in a special closet they had built in their basement for the surplus. As they hold up each item, they ask: "Do we really need this?" And each time, giggling like schoolgirls, they answer: "Oh yes! Yes!"



MRS. JOSEPHINE CONROY & DAUGHTERS
The thrill of the hunt.

Top of the Decade

- ▶ Original Playboy Club established in Chicago, 1960.
- ▶ Pierre Cardin becomes the first Paris couturier to design a full line of clothing for men, 1960.
- ▶ First U.S. discotheque—Le Club—opens in Manhattan, 1961.
- ▶ Designer Mary Quant introduces the miniskirt, 1964.
- ▶ Rudi Gernreich designs the topless bathing suit, 1964.
- ▶ Truman Capote hosts "party of the decade" at Manhattan's Plaza Hotel, 1966.
- ▶ Dr. Timothy Leary coins slogan for the psychedelic generation—"Turn on, tune in, drop out," 1966.
- ▶ First hippie "be-in" is held in San Francisco's Golden Gate park, 1967.
- ▶ Lord Snowdon wears a turtleneck with his tuxedo, 1967.
- ▶ Woodstock rock festival draws crowd of more than 400,000 to rural Bethel, N.Y., 1969.

SCIENCE

Closing the Blue Book

With almost as much attentiveness as it gives to the comings and goings of its own planes, the U.S. Air Force has carefully logged every unidentified flying object that has been reported in the American skies during the past 22 years. During that time, Project Blue Book, as the operation was called, looked into a total of 12,618 UFO sightings. Yet lately, the flying-saucer business has fallen on hard times. Only 146 UFO sightings have been reported to the Air Force so far this year v. a peak of 1,501 in 1952. The decline is due partly to the Condon report,* which last January decisively debunked flying saucers and urged the Air Force to call off all UFO investigations.

Heeding that advice, the Air Force last week finally wrote finis to Project Blue Book. The program, explained Air Force Secretary Robert C. Seamans Jr., "cannot be justified either on the ground of national security or in the interest of science."

Oddly enough, even flying-saucer buffs were pleased. "UFOs can now be given the serious scientific attention they require, free from military considerations," said Stuart Nixon, spokesman for a group of saucer activists who call themselves NICAP (for National Investigations Committee on Aerial Phenomena). Nixon proposed continuation of the probe by a joint federal-private agency, but the suggestion is not likely to be entertained seriously in Washington or academic quarters. In a year when man has assured himself that there are no moonmen or Martians, UFOs seem more than ever to be a product of terrestrial imaginations.

* Issued by a committee headed by Physicist Edward Condon, who later said he was "sorry I ever got involved in such foolishness."

V. SRIVANIAN—CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR



"LET'S SEE THE AIR FORCE HUSH THIS ONE UP!"

Deflating NASA's Universe

The announcement was truly cosmic. After examining data transmitted from OAO-II, its second Orbiting Astronomical Observatory—which is still functioning effectively after a year in space—NASA this month declared that "astronomers are contemplating the possibility that the universe may be several times larger than previously believed." And how large is that? Some 40 billion light-years* in diameter, concluded newsmen after talking to NASA. Breathlessly they reported that the most distant galaxies might be twice and even four times as far away as anyone had expected.

NASA's assumption was based on OAO-II's report of unexpectedly powerful ultraviolet radiation from half a dozen nearby galaxies. If this is true, NASA scientists reasoned, distant galaxies probably give off large amounts of the same invisible radiation. But those galaxies are receding from the earth (because of the expansion of the universe) at speeds that would cause ultraviolet light to shift toward the red end of the spectrum into visible frequencies. So the NASA men assumed the visible light from distant galaxies is intrinsically brighter than previously believed; therefore those galaxies must be farther away. "We thought we were looking at a dim light bulb close to us," a NASA scientist explained. "But now that we know that the bulb is brighter, we figure it must be more distant."

Pure Chauvinism. Last week leading cosmologists caustically deflated NASA's universe. "I don't believe a word of it," snapped Caltech's Maarten Schmidt, who in 1963 identified quasars as the most distant objects ever seen by man. "A bunch of nonsense," said Mount Palomar Astronomer Allan Sandage. "It's pure chauvinism." Astrophysicist A. G. W. Cameron of NASA's own Goddard Institute for Space Studies was equally blunt: "This strikes me as a complete misunderstanding."

In the first place, NASA's critics pointed out, ultraviolet radiation accounts for no more than a tenth of the radiation from a galaxy. Thus, even a large increase in this component would not greatly affect a galaxy's overall brightness. Besides, modern astronomers always compensate for the "red shift" of light when viewing distant galaxies and quasars.

There are other compelling objections to NASA's an-

* A light-year is the distance traveled by light in one year—about 6 trillion miles.

Top of the Decade

- ▶ Perfection of the first working model of a laser, 1960.
- ▶ François Jacob and Jacques Monod formulate the gene repressor theory, which correctly explains how genes are turned "on" and "off," 1961.
- ▶ Murray Gell-Mann develops the "eightfold way" to explain the relationships between subatomic particles, 1961.
- ▶ Genetic code of the DNA molecule is broken by Marshall Nirenberg and J. Heinrich Matthaei, 1961.
- ▶ Maarten Schmidt discovers that quasars may be the most distant objects in the universe, 1963.
- ▶ Mariner transmits close-up photographs of Mars, 1965.
- ▶ Discovery of cosmic background radiation believed to be remnants of "Big Bang" that created the universe, 1965.
- ▶ First scientific proof of continental drift by sea-floor spreading, 1966.
- ▶ Discovery of pulsars, 1967.
- ▶ Man's first landing on the moon, 1969.

nouncement. Most modern astronomers are confident that the technical yardstick by which they measure distant galaxies and quasars—the red shift of light from those bodies—is reasonably accurate. And by that measure, the most distant quasar so far observed by astronomers is about 8 billion light-years away. Furthermore, in the complex Einsteinian geometry of space, diameter is a naive measurement; normal concepts of shape are meaningless. Astronomers were also nettled by the way that NASA released its information. Ignoring the scientific community, the space agency has to date published its conclusions only in a press release that was issued on the first anniversary of OAO-II's launch. "Remember," said Caltech's Jess Greenstein, "you're studying a public relations report, not a scientific paper."

Galactic Structure. NASA's apparent error in cosmological calculations in no way detracts from the splendid performance of the Orbiting Astronomical Observatory. Operating in a 480-mile-high orbit above the polluted obscuring atmosphere and equipped with 11 telescopes, it has given astronomers a view of the skies unattainable on earth. In addition to its ultraviolet readings—which will almost surely contribute to knowledge about galactic structure—OAO II has discovered that young, "hot" stars are losing far more of their matter in the process of maturation than had hitherto been thought: as much as the mass of the earth in a single year. Data from the orbiting astronomical satellite has also confirmed the presence of graphite crystals in the intergalactic dust beyond the Milky Way. Both phenomena should help scientists understand better how stars and galaxies evolve. With any luck, scientists believe, OAO-II could continue to probe the secrets of the universe for many more months.

ENVIRONMENT



SINKING TANKER "MARPESSA"

The Black Tide

As the 207,000-ton supertanker *Marpessa* sailed serenely past West Africa on the second leg of her maiden voyage, an explosion suddenly ripped her hull. Last week the shattered hulk slipped to the bottom about 50 miles off Dakar. *Marpessa* was the biggest oil tanker to sink to date. Fortunately, she was empty—a narrow escape from what has become a serious threat to the surprisingly vulnerable ocean.

The potential for oil-pollution disaster has increased along with the size of tankers. In World War II 16,000-ton tankers were standard. Today 300,000-ton behemoths ply the sea, and larger ships are planned. As the *Torrey Canyon* dramatically demonstrated in 1967, one ship can cause a major calamity. In the past five years 94 tankers have foundered; two collisions occur every week. Then there is the rising risk of dangerous pollution from offshore oil wells. Last spring a presidential panel investigating the Santa Barbara Channel blowout concluded that the U.S. faces one major oil spill every year after 1980.

Pernicious Pollution. Dramatic oil spills in coastal waters capture the public's concern by killing countless marine creatures and sea birds. But more pernicious is the long term effect of chronic pollution from tankers flushing their storage compartments at sea. That, along with other everyday mishaps, adds up to 284 million gallons of spilled oil every year—about ten times the amount that oozed from the *Torrey Canyon*, and enough to coat a beach 20 ft. wide with a half-inch layer of oil for 8,633 miles. Scientists are increasingly worried that this oil could be poisonous to ocean plankton, a key source of photosynthesis that produces most of the earth's oxygen.

Currently Congress is considering a stiff bill to make oilmen liable for pollution in coastal waters. In Brussels last month, delegates from 49 countries met to tackle the problem of assigning liability for oil spills on the high seas. What is left unsolved is a really efficient way of removing oil from the

ocean without further damaging marine life. In Manhattan last week, oilmen attending a three-day conference on oil spills, sponsored by the Federal Government and the oil industry, were told that spreading straw on top of the water is still one of the best ways to stop up the black tide. But, as Lavon P. Haxby, an expert on oil control, put it: "In an age when we can reach the moon, we should be able to do better than this."

Dirty Detergents?

Clumsy or not, the word that describes the fate of countless U.S. lakes and rivers is eutrophication: "the process of becoming richer in dissolved nutrients." In this case, wealth often equals death.

The trouble is that both natural and man-made nutrients (phosphates, nitrate, carbon, iron, calcium) are ending up in bodies of water where they fertilize prodigious growths of algae. As the algae decompose, they use up enormous quantities of oxygen. Fish die; the water looks and tastes so bad that other chemicals have to be added to make even potable water palatable for human use. Finally, a lake turns into a swamp or bog and slowly "dies."

Eutrophication is partly a natural process, but man's contribution is accelerating it out of control. Congressman Henry Reuss, a Wisconsin Democrat, singles out one offender. At last week's hearings of the House Subcommittee on Conservation and Natural Resources, he charged that the \$1.2 billion detergent industry is largely responsible for the damage.

About five billion pounds of detergents are now being used annually, said Reuss. On the average, each pound contains about 40% phosphate, which does a fine job of cleaning dishes and clothes. But once flushed down the drain, it begins its environmental dirty work. Reuss has introduced a bill that would ban the manufacture and importation of detergents containing phosphate after June 30, 1971.

In fact, no one yet knows precisely how much phosphate detergents con-

tribute to the death of lakes. Charles G. Bueltman, vice president of the Soap and Detergent Association, testified last week that "phosphates in surface waters come from many sources, such as fertilizers, runoff from uncultivated lands and forests, human excrement, detergents and industrial wastes." Bueltman claimed that "the elimination of detergent phosphate alone could not mitigate or diminish excessive algae growth." If detergents were banned, he hinted, housewives would revolt.

Tertiary Trouble. In the early 1960s, after one detergent ingredient had been found to foam as readily on rivers and lakes as in Laundromats, the industry converted to another chemical. Right now it is searching for an alternative to phosphates. One possibility is a chemical called NTA which can replace a significant portion of the phosphates in a box of detergent. Even so, some experts agree that the only true solution is the construction of "tertiary" treatment sewage plants that would reduce phosphates from all sources to harmless ash.

Dr. Ibrahim A. Eldib, a water-pollution expert from Newark, disagrees. For one thing, he told the subcommittee, such plants are exorbitantly expensive. The best solution, says Eldib, is to speed the development of a phosphate- and nitrogen-free chemical detergent.

What the hearings mainly proved was that U.S. industry too often fails to foresee how its wonder products may affect all nature. Does this process have to continue? Last week the Reuss committee heard one answer from a Swedish pollution expert who described legislation being considered by his government to restrict all chemicals that might contaminate the environment. Officials of the U.S. Department of the Interior are now considering a similar plan.

Top of the Decade

- California enacts the nation's first law to reduce auto fumes, the chief source of air pollution, 1960.
- Rachel Carson's *Silent Spring*, the prophetic book that warns the world against pesticides, 1962.
- The Nuclear Test-Ban Treaty, the superpowers' agreement that radioactive fallout must stop, 1962.
- The Water Quality Act commits the Federal Government to clean up U.S. rivers, lakes and streams, 1965.
- The Northeast power failure, symbol of fragile technology, 1965.
- The Santa Barbara oil spill, 1969.
- Insecticide kills some 40 million fish in the Rhine River, 1969.
- The problem of overpopulation is recognized for the first time in a presidential message to Congress, 1969.
- Richard Nixon asks Congress for approval of the SST jetliner, 1969.
- New York State enacts the nation's first conservation bill of rights, 1969.

ART

Tour of a Long Spiral

This year's exhibition season in Europe's top museums has opened with some extraordinary displays. TIME Correspondent Horace Judson went to look at them, here reports what he saw and thought.

THOUGH nobody planned that way, the shows resonate with one another. They assert how we see and have seen—over the best part of a millennium, and right at this moment. The assertions are sometimes disturbing. Munich: 396 icons, barbaric gemstones strewn across the velvet sophistications of Orthodox theology. Brussels: three Bruegels newly cleaned to support a reflective commemoration. Amsterdam: 24 matchless Rembrandts, the best from each of 21 collections the world round. Paris: 304 Giacomettis, shyly revealing beneath surfaces textured like used chewing gum, a tender-hearted portraitist.

The eyes insist that there is order among these exhibitions. Most obviously, they define a chronology of seeing through 700 years, during which the Western vision has come full spiral from the hieratic to the hieratic. For the anonymous Byzantine monk painting the Mother of God, the stylized emotions of iconography were public and functional, with few secrets but only shared mysteries; to Giacometti, portraiture was similarly stylized, yet obsessive and all but totally private. Between them on that spiral way, at the far point from which the return curve began, was Rembrandt, searching and searching his own face, his own eyes, in the mirror of his self-portraits.

Two Ways of Seeing. But Europe's fall shows also suggest a second theme: just how people are seeing here, now. The solipsism reaches hysteria at the Biennale de Paris, which proclaims itself the "manifestation of the young artists," meaning those under 35. The preoccupation this year was style, for its own sake. Noted in a random walk: Parisian who signs himself Sibaja has sculpted two prizefighters out of red ice who bleed slowly into buckets under their boxing ring while a tape recorder plays crowd screams. They take a week to die. Minimal sculpture everywhere, reaching even into the Portuguese delegation. Pushbutton and wind-up sculptures break down in a matter of hours. Slides flicker against every flat surface until the bulbs fuse. Enough visual noise is, in point of fact, white light.

Overwhelming white light was once thought to define the sight of God. The flight to Munich leads to a world of luminous order at the Haus der Kunst: icons from the 13th to the 19th centuries, from Greece, Crete, Czechoslovakia, Rumania, Bulgaria.



Rembrandt's "Old Woman Reading"

How can God, whose sight no living man has endured, be representable in a picture? The Orthodox were fundamentalists about that evident problem, but subtle ones: as the impression is to the seal that makes it, as the body to the soul, as the accidental to the essential, they reasoned, so the representation is to the spiritual reality.

Icon connotes intense feeling compressed into rigid pose, bend of neck, outsize tapered hands, images both remote and repetitive. At this exhibition, all those expectations are fulfilled, and then overthrown, by the variety bursting forth from the conventions.

Look at some faces. From Byzantium before the fall, the Mother of God as 13th century Greek patrician, mannered, smiling, cheekbones and elegant thin nose brushed with golden highlights like cosmetics. Completely opposite in mood, John the Baptist as a shaggy Serbian shepherd, fell of face and carrying the bloody future on a plate in the form of a duplicate of his own head—a shock of hysteron proteron almost prefiguring



Giacometti's "Annette"

Rene Magritte. From Serbia again, Christ Pantocrator, normally the most remote of all the conventional poses, Christ distant with the presence of the law. But this Pantocrator has dancing eyes. His face is sharp, his mouth tiny with the effort of suppressing a grin, his fingers thin and dancing, too, where they hold the book. This book is closed; but he knows what is inside: the glee of goodness.

Curvets and Styles. The eye will take these all as portraits—and pulling back, will be bullied by the strength of color and pattern, the authority of the plane composition. Bold checks in black and brilliant red splashed across a Bulgarian St. Nicholas make him this year's Christmas poster. The white-bearded patron saint of children sits in a riot of patterns—robes, halo, throne and ermine sleeve-linings—put together with the abandon of some child who has just discovered scissors and discarded wrapping paper. St. George on a white carousel horse, red cloak flowing back like an archangelical wing, curvets over the coiled body of the Worm, curvets out of 15th century Novgorod straight into the modern artist's essential vision of the picture as a flat surface. In the show's most unexpected discovery, several primitive crucifixions from the wilds of 19th century Ruthenia present Christ with the unaffected simplicity of comic strip or art brut—elongated arms, flecks of blood, writhing torso, doll-like among the surrounding mourners.

These pictures are inimitably decorative; today their visual sophistication seems immense. Thus they are easy to sentimentalize in the sort of process that has happened several times this century, notably when Picasso and followers discovered African primitive sculpture. What went into the icons, singly and slowly, was devotion and something that felt like realism. When what comes out is a flooding sense of style congenial to the contemporary eye but excluding the terms of their creation, it is the eye itself that is suspect.

Palpable Immanence. The eye is reassured at the Royal Museums of Fine Arts in Brussels, which have built a thoughtful memorial to the death 400 years ago of Pieter Bruegel the Elder around just six paintings, of which three are shown for the first time after remarkable cleaning and restoration. Worlds interpenetrate: not just Bruegel's imagination, but his very handling of paint makes the miraculous immanent. While the moldboard turns the palpable furrow, Icarus splashes down into the unconscious sea. From still darker depths, scaly, farting anxieties spew forth, nastily confounding the fecund and the fecal, only to be routed by the arch-angels; cleaning has revealed a dazzling exuberance of color that makes *The*



St. Nicholas: Bulgaria (1735)

VOE OUYENHOUCHE, BRUSSELS



St. George and the Dragon: Novgorod (circa 1400)

NATIONAL MUSEUM, BELGRADE



John the Baptist: Serbia (circa 1600)

Christ Crucified: Ruthenia (circa 1600)

MAINTS HARTENS, ANTWERP



Christ Pantocrator: Serbia (circa 1700)



MANUSCRIPTS, DEPARTMENT, NATIONAL MUSEUM, BELGRADE

Fall of the Rebel Angels an irrepressible hymn to sanity.

Two hours by Trans Europe Express to Amsterdam. Nearly half a million people have come there to see the Rembrandts at the Rijksmuseum. It is the most important exhibition in Europe this year because it is the best assemblage of Rembrandt's paintings that will ever again be seen. They have come from the Hermitage in Leningrad and the Metropolitan in New York, from Norton Simon and the Queen of England, from the Gulbenkian Museum and the Duke of Devonshire's collection, from Paris, London, Edinburgh, Berlin, Kassel, Boston.

The show leads from delight to marvel. Baroque Rembrandt: from Leningrad, *The Sacrifice of Abraham*, the conceit of the knife eternally falling as the angel grabs the old man's wrist, the strength beyond conceit of the writhing double helix of construction, and at last the pity beyond strength of the child's bared throat, blood pulsing under translucent skin. Commercial Rembrandt: the frosty pink uncertainty of healthy age that he painted into his client's face makes *The Shipbuilder and His Wife* a portrait that should be liberated forthwith from Buckingham Palace to go on public view in London's National Gallery.

Ultimately, Rembrandt on women and on himself. Women in all their ways. *Old Woman Reading*, lip and eyes and hand holding the page, totally alert and totally absorbed, is one of the world's rare great portraits of intellect. But he also knew what women smell like and painted their womanliness as nobody else has done: most taking the simple *Woman Bathing in a Stream*, with her shift raised above her knees. He knew, in Yeats' phrase, their dark declivities. Of a piece with that honesty are the self-portraits in their endless transparency, their absolute renunciation of attitudes, their trembling mortality.

Scaffolding and Image. Once or twice, it may be that Alberto Giacometti peered into that same glass. Back in Paris, the thorough retrospective on two floors of the Orangerie suggests at first some disquieting cautions about Giacometti's standing. Particularly in sculpture, he developed late and slowly; nor is it certain that when it came time, he knew the difference between the scaffolding to be thrown away and the image to keep.

Yet approached through his portraits, Giacometti trembles into life. His mother appears in a long series, retreating ever further into cubicles and frames and visual veils. There are friends enough for a Ph.D. thesis: Stravinsky, Matisse, Aragon, and a sketch in 1946 that may be the best portrait ever made of Jean-Paul Sartre, because it catches his truculent fleshiness of mind.

By the time he was doing these paintings, his sculpture had congealed into temple friezes. Yet the paintings, brought mentally to bear upon the statues, some-

times succeed in breaking the rigid spell, so that from the pinched, pewter-gray forms, his wife Annette or his brother Diego step forth.

Fused Concerns. They step forth hesitantly, to look about them at a world which has come a long way from the crystalline vision celebrated by the icon makers. Yet Giacometti, however attenuated the impulse, is still in the lineage that reaches back to Bruegel's exuberant vision, Rembrandt's passionate introspection, the language of humanism. Across town at the Biennale, the young propose that the visual concerns of seven centuries have been mined out, exhausted. The argument is none too convincing among the melted statues and faltering gadgetry. It suggests that their alternative is itself running out.

But the two—the old humanism and the young's denial—may yet fuse. How? The Paris Biennale offers only the most tantalizing hints. This looks like the beginning of the decade of the art group: from the U.S., from France, from Cuba, Canada, Eastern Europe, well over half the work that the young sent to Paris was created by teams. The other new beginning is a cool fascination with man's urban environment as subject—dream citiescapes, 21st century living and working places, architectural fantasies. But these are suggestive glimpses of the art that is forming toward the turn of the millennium.

Top of the Decade

► Artist Jean Tinguely at the Museum of Modern Art demonstrates a machine that destroyed itself, a happening that introduces conceptual, nonbuyable art, 1960.

► The Metropolitan Museum buys Rembrandt's *Aristotle Contemplating the Bust of Homer* for \$2,300,000 at public auction, 1961.

► Plastic pies, soup cans and comic-strip images by Warhol, Rosenquist, Lichtenstein and Oldenburg crop up in a show at Sidney Janis' Manhattan gallery and pop art arrives, 1962.

► Mexico opens its National Anthropological Museum, 1964.

► Op art gets the seal of critical approval with a survey at the Museum of Modern Art, 1965.

► Minimal sculpture takes over the Whitney annual, 1966.

► The temples of Abu Simbel are saved from the encroaching waters of the Nile's Aswan High Dam, 1966.

► At Montreal's Expo, the U.S. pavilion abjures solemnity in favor of a wildly playful dome by Buckminster Fuller, 1967.

► Pollock (1967), Kline (1968) and De Kooning (1969) all had large-scale retrospectives, tacitly appointing them to the status of modern old masters.

► Boston City Hall, the most dramatic U.S. municipal building ever, opens, 1969.

MILESTONES

Married. Prudence Ann Farrow, 21, Mia's sister and second of Maureen O'Sullivan's four daughters; and Albert Bruns, 26, a teacher of transcendental meditation; in a Unitarian ceremony in Wallingford, Pa.

Married. Bobbie Gentry, 27, the little singer who two years ago had millions wondering what Billie Joe threw off the Tallahatchie Bridge; and William Harrah, 58, owner of Nevada's biggest gambling casino, Harrah's Club at Reno and Lake Tahoe; he for the third time; in a Presbyterian ceremony in Reno.

Married. Herbert B. Khaury, fortyish, better known as Tiny Tim; and Victoria Budinger, 17 (see TELEVISION).

Died. Henry C. Alexander, 67, architect of the merger that created Morgan Guaranty Trust, the country's sixth largest commercial bank (assets: \$11 billion); of a stroke; in Manhattan. Alexander accepted a partnership in the faltering house of Morgan in 1939, and shook up the stodgy banking community by aggressively scouring the country for new accounts and training a new generation of bright young employees to follow his lead. By 1959, Morgan was a growing, \$915 million concern, and Alexander had the stage set for his greatest coup: merger with \$3.13 billion Guaranty Trust.

Died. General Arthur da Costa e Silva, 67, former President of Brazil, who in December 1968 ended all pretense of civilian government; of a heart attack; in Rio de Janeiro. A leader of the then-popular military coup that deposed Leftist João Goulart in 1964, Costa e Silva was elected President with army backing in 1966 and embarked on a program of tight political and economic control. Economic austerity worked wonders, but one politically repressive move followed another until Costa e Silva dissolved Congress and instituted rule by decree. Last August he suffered a paralytic stroke and was replaced by a military junta, which two months ago named General Emilio Garrastazú Médici as President.

Died. Joseph P. Spang Jr., 76, former head of the Gillette Co., who was among the first to recognize the advertising potential of sports events; of a heart attack; in Boston. "Look Sharp, Feel Sharp, Be Sharp" went the familiar razor-blade slogan, and few were sharper than Spang, who in 1939 sponsored World Series broadcasts, followed with the Kentucky Derby, football, boxing and the *Gillette Cavalcade of Sports* radio and TV shows—all of which helped Gillette become pre-eminent in the field, with earnings of \$96 million by the time Spang retired in 1963.

EDUCATION

Campus Communique

As Christmas vacations drew near, some college administrations (at Fisk and Manhattanville) ended classes early, isolating student sit-ins. Two major universities, however, responded to earlier demonstrations with stiff new rules and penalties.

► Harvard expelled two and suspended 14 of the 24 mainly white students who imprisoned a dean in his University Hall office last November. Still pending is the case against 36 blacks who occupied the same building earlier this month in an unsuccessful attempt to force the university to employ more black construction workers on campus projects. If the undergraduates in this group are ousted, it will cut black enrollment at Harvard and Radcliffe colleges by about one-eighth. Still upset over the school's hiring practices, black students announced that they were boycotting classes.

► The University of Texas regents, angered by two student demonstrations, prohibited school officials from negotiating with anyone engaged in "disruptive activity." In October, Texas students blocked the doors to the university's main building with cypress trees that the school had cut down in order to expand the Texas football stadium. The protesters were particularly angered by the administration's decision to rush the cutting; a few hours later an Austin court handed down a restraining order that would have spared the trees. In November, more activists occupied a campus snack bar from which uni-

versity officials had barred non-students. Both conflicts were partly defused by negotiation, a tactic that the regents now regard as appeasement. The outlook: more trouble at Texas.

Somebody Up There Likes Holy Cross High

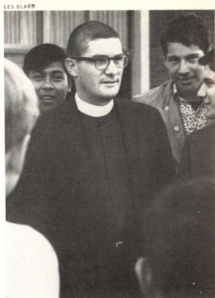
When Jesus Pimentel stepped from the ring in San Antonio last week after fighting for what was billed as the North American Bantamweight championship, the city's Mexican-American majority had two reasons to be pleased. Not only had the Mexican contender won, but the fight also netted \$1,000 for an unlikely beneficiary: Holy Cross High School, a parochial school that serves San Antonio's poorest *Chicano* neighborhood (median family income: \$3,280).

Why is a high school connected with a prizefight? The answer goes back to 1968, when San Antonio's parochial schools were in deep financial trouble—like others across the U.S.—and Archbishop Robert Lucey halted all diocesan subsidies for three of the city's twelve Catholic high schools. One of the three schools was located in a wealthy white neighborhood, and it easily survived by raising tuition. Another, situated in a lower-middle-class area, gave up and closed its doors. It is now a warehouse.

Viet Nam Paychecks. The slum-centered third—Holy Cross High—was in no position to boost its \$220 tuition, but the twelve brothers who run it refused to quit. In a city where 44% of the *Chicano* population are functionally illiterate, they argued, only the Catholic schools offer slum children a quality education. In fact, 85% of Holy Cross's 560 male students are Mexican-Americans and 80% of them go on to college, compared with 11% from the district's public high schools.

When the church canceled the subsidy, the brothers at Holy Cross suddenly had to raise \$72,000 just to keep the school open for the rest of the year. A Holy Cross graduate now serving in Viet Nam began sending his monthly military paychecks. Several local businessmen gave \$1,000 each. Even a shoeshine boy tipped into Principal Stanley Culotta's office to present his contribution: a stained and shredded \$1 bill.

Cleaning Up. Holy Cross High got the \$72,000 and survived the year. Subsequent donations and benefits have enabled it to continue. When Liberty/United Artists contributed more than 20,000 record albums, one parent provided an empty store, others offered to staff it, and Holy Cross found itself in the record business. The store made \$9,000. A benefit performance by Singer Vikki Carr raised \$20,000. A Christmas fruitcake sale netted \$500.



PRINCIPAL CULOTTA

The brothers refused to quit.

"We don't have long-range financing yet, but we will if our cleaning project works out," says Brother William Dooling. Since October, 40 Holy Cross students have received city licenses to sell liquid cleaning products (wax, shampoo, polish) door to door. As a franchised distributor, Holy Cross nets \$3,000 a month after paying commissions to the student salesmen. Eventually, the brothers expect students from other local schools to join in selling the products on the same basis.

Last week's fight marked the second time that Boxer Pimentel had done battle for the benefit of the school. The first time the school asked him; the second, he volunteered. Says Principal Culotta: "We realize now how concerned people are about education. Once aware of the problem, everyone does his best to help."

Setbacks for Segregationists

Despite its apparent insensitivity to Negroes, the Nixon Administration lobbied last week to disarm legislation intended to sabotage Southern school desegregation. At issue was the "Whitten amendment," a booby trap tacked on to the Department of Health, Education and Welfare's \$17.8 billion appropriations bill by Representative Jamie L. Whitten of Mississippi.

He sought to take away the Government's most effective integration weapon: the authority granted to HEW under the Civil Rights Act of 1964 to withhold federal aid to school districts refusing to carry out adequate plans for desegregation. The Whitten amendment specifically barred HEW from withholding funds to force bussing, the closing of schools or the reassignment of pupils against parental wishes. In effect, it authorized evasive "freedom of choice" desegregation plans, which the

Top of the Decade

- First Negro student sit-ins at Greensboro, N.C., lunch counters, 1960.
- James Meredith succeeds in integrating Ole Miss, 1962.
- Educational Services Inc. accelerates high school curriculum reform, 1963.
- Clark Kerr's Godkin Lectures describe and name a new U.S. institution: the "multiversity," 1963.
- Herbert Marcuse's *One-Dimensional Man* certifies an old philosopher for the New Left, 1964.
- Mass arrests at Berkeley (1964) prefigure later campus revolts at Columbia and San Francisco State (1968), Harvard and Cornell (1969).
- Congress passes Elementary and Secondary Education Act, first massive federal aid to schools, 1965.
- First teach-ins and draft-card burnings dramatize student reaction to Viet Nam War, 1965.
- Project Head Start focuses on preschool children and special learning problems of the poor, 1966.
- Supreme Court orders Southern schools to desegregate "at once," 1969.

Supreme Court has already declared inadequate.

When the Whitten plan surfaced last summer, Attorney General John Mitchell passed the word that the Administration had no objection. HEW Secretary Robert Finch, though he had his doubts, remained silent. As a result, the House approved the amendment by a wide margin. By last week, as the measure reached the Senate floor, the Administration had changed its tune. With Finch declaring the Administration "unalterably opposed" and Mitchell quietly going along, Republican Senate Minority Leader Hugh Scott moved to amend the amendment. As modified by Scott, the bill still prohibits HEW from taking any of the actions proscribed by Whitten—"except as required by the Constitution." Thus rendered meaningless, the amendment passed by a vote of 52 to 37.

Needling the North. The Administration belatedly switched signals to avoid the embarrassment of backing a segregationist play already ruled unconstitutional. HEW civil rights lawyers pointed out that if the original Whitten amendment passed, the Administration would have little choice but to denounce it as such, or to institute a quick court test to underline the point. Either way, the Administration would have been forced into taking direct actions repugnant to the South, countermarching the Congress and endangering future HEW appropriations.

Although the battle over the Whitten amendment is ended—this year—the war goes on. Southern Congressmen are concentrating their fire on what Mississippi's Senator John Stennis refers to as the "sectional policy of forcing greater integration on the South than is actually practiced in many Northern cities." Stennis believes, probably rightly, that "if this pattern is enforced outside the South, it will bring about a more modified policy." He is contemplating legislation that would create an automatic presumption of illegal segregation wherever minority groups account for more than 50% of a school's enrollment. The result would affect hundreds of Northern communities.

Southern segregationists suffered another rebuff last week from the Supreme Court. Last fall, in *Holmes v. Alexander*, the court told 33 Mississippi school districts to desegregate "at once." The U.S. Court of Appeals for the Fifth Circuit carried out that order by giving the districts only until Dec. 31. But when 16 more districts in six Southern states came up for consideration last month, the Fifth Circuit faltered; it gave those districts, and by implication the rest of the South, until next fall to integrate student bodies. Last week the Supreme Court knocked down the "next fall" provision and ordered full desegregation in twelve of those districts by Feb. 1. When the Supreme Court outlawed "deliberate speed," it meant it.

THE THEATER

All Work and No Play

Coco is more of a bore than a bomb. Opening night was like a disastrous party. Everyone who was anyone was there, primed for some kind of theatrical night of nights. Dramatically, the champagne was flat, the hors d'oeuvres tasted of sawdust, and the small talk on- and offstage sagged into yawns.

The show is one of those lavish reminders that the assembly line is not the fountain of inspiration, that known quantities gathered together do not necessarily produce the elusively unknown quantities of fine dramatic art or ex-

FRIEDMAN-ARLES



HEPBURN (CENTER) IN "COCO"
Flinty as the New England mind.

citing entertainment. Wands are wielded by Katharine Hepburn, Alan Jay Lerner, Andre Previn and Cecil Beaton, but no magic ensues. No wish is fulfilled. No dream comes true.

Mannequins on Parade. The dream, apparently, had been to produce, as a sequel to *My Fair Lady*, a *My Fabulous Lady* based on the life and loves of Gabrielle Chanel, the great Parisian designer who is now a fairly fabulous 86 years old. What went wrong? The initial concept was wrong. The focal point of the fashion business is a dress. In and of itself, a dress is not dramatic. A parade of animated mannequins such as one gets in *Coco* does not make dresses dramatic either. A group of women milling about onstage always looks rather like a herd, and that is scarcely dramatic.

What about *Coco*'s love life? Her lovers are flashed on a screen and mumble a few words of endearment. No one knows what they feel about *Coco*

or what *Coco* feels about them. These are virtually spectral relationships. One is left with *Coco* herself, a spunky, ardent, no-nonsense, one-woman feminist liberation front, who somehow seems to be more passionately and intimately involved with her models than with any man in her life.

Triumph of the Will. Is *Coco* even *Coco*, or is she really another truly rugged individualist known as Katharine Hepburn? As an actress, Hepburn has spent a lifetime filtering characters through the steely sieve of herself. She does not submit to roles; she rules them, and everyone has grown terribly fond of her special brand of tyranny through personality. That personality is grounded in the New Eng-

Top of the Decade

- Donald Pleasence's performance in Harold Pinter's *The Caretaker*, 1961.
- Margaret Leighton's performance in Tennessee Williams' *The Night of the Iguana*, 1961.
- *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* by Edward Albee, 1962.
- Michael Cacoyannis' direction of *The Trojan Women* by Euripides, 1963.
- Peter Brook's direction of Peter Weiss's *Marat/Sade*, 1965.
- Irene Papas' performance in *Iphigenia in Aulis*, 1967.
- *Hair*, 1968.
- Nicol Williamson's *Hamlet*, 1969.
- *Oh! Calcutta!*, devised by Kenneth Tynan, 1969.
- Director Jerzy Grotowski's Polish Laboratory Theatre, 1969.

land mind, which has the same flinty character as the New England soil. Her performance is a triumph of the will over intrinsic limitations. If she cannot dance, she kicks; if she cannot sing, she reflects the pattern of her speech to imply singing.

Admirable though it is, her work does not work, precisely because it is all work and no play. She gets little help. Andre Previn's score always misses, without ever swinging. Beaton's costumes are a slight modification of the timeless Edwardia that he prefers to inhabit, and scarcely reflect the spare Mondrian modern that is the mark of Chanel. Lerner's book manages to suggest a rough draft rather than a finished libretto. He must be somewhat chagrined that the biggest laugh of the evening comes when Hepburn spits out the short word for excrement.

The production seems to squelch almost everyone connected with it. Only René Auberjonois as a faggy designer manages to filch an occasional moment of amusing exuberance. A number he does call *Fiasco* is the closest thing *Coco* has to a show-jogger—and is all too apt as a one-word critique.

THE PRESS

Dean of a School Divided

As a correspondent for the New York Times, and later for NBC, Elie Abel has often found himself at the flash points of the world. He covered the Nürnberg trials, the Hungarian Revolution, two presidential campaigns and the Cuban missile crisis of 1962. But last week Abel, 49, received what may well be his toughest assignment: he was appointed dean of the Columbia Graduate School of Journalism, the best in the field, but a school divided.

Beginning Feb. 1, Abel will preside over a faculty embittered by more than a year's debate over a successor to Edward Barrett, the former dean. Barrett resigned after the turbulent student disorders of 1968, protesting "authoritarian rule by remote, inaccessible powers" at the university. He left behind a faculty factioned between traditional and innovative journalism. When a largely conservative search committee proposed Abel for the deanship last June, rebellious professors overwhelmingly voted it down, citing "lack of consultation" and "undue haste in appointing a man we know little about." But Columbia President Andrew Cordier, prodded by the traditionalists, overrode the faculty and went ahead with the appointment.

An alumnus of the school, Abel comes to academic life from a two-year stint as NBC's diplomatic correspondent in Washington. With the faculty dispute awaiting him, the training should come in handy.

Top of the Decade

- Norman Mailer, novelist, becomes Norman Mailer, journalist, with "Superman Comes to the Supermarket" about Kennedy's nomination, in *Esquire*, 1960.
- Playboy circulation average reaches 1,000,000 (now 5,000,000), 1960.
- Viet Nam reporting by David Halberstam, Neil Sheehan and Malcolm Browne contributes to the downfall of the Diem regime, 1963.
- With *Sullivan v. The New York Times*, the Supreme Court determines that a public official cannot be libeled by comment on his official conduct, 1964.
- The underground press blooms with the first issue of the free-swinging *Los Angeles Free Press*, 1964.
- New York Herald Tribune folds after a drawn-out strike, 1966.
- City magazines (Washingtonian, Atlanta, Seattle, etc.) become a major force with exposé of investigative reporter Harry Karafin in Philadelphia, 1967.
- The Saturday Evening Post dies, 1969.
- Gay Talese opens The New York Times closets with his bestseller, *The Kingdom and the Power*, 1969.
- LIFE publishes exposé of Supreme Court Justice Fortas, 1969.

As Le Monde Turns

Charles de Gaulle once likened him to Mephistopheles. Françoise Giroud, editor in chief of *L'Express*, said that he was "as gracious as a cactus." *The New Yorker's* Genêt noted his "cold genius for integrity." Others have described him as an "instrument of precision," as being "passionately lucid," and as "totally lacking in ambition or vanity." Last week Hubert Beuve-Méry stepped down from the job that had made him the object of such attention, if not always affection. At 67—he retired a day after he founded it—he retired as editorial director of *Le Monde*.

Under Beuve-Méry's omnipotent guidance, *Le Monde* has become one of the best newspapers in the world. Damned over the years by conservatives, Communists, conformist Roman Catholics, European Federalists, Atlantic Pacters and the U.S. State Department, *Le Monde* is read by them all. Indeed, it is virtually essential reading for anybody wishing to stay informed on the significance of events in France, not to mention other parts of the world. Though its emphasis is on analysis, it has also scored coups with spot reporting, such as a Kurds-eye view of their war with Iraq in 1968.

Taste of Absinthe. Like many newspaper editors, Beuve-Méry professed a policy of complete independence, "economically, politically and morally." Perhaps more than any, he followed it. Once, in 1951, when he felt the paper's political independence threatened from within its top administration, Beuve-Méry resigned; he returned after the editorial staff refused to work for his proposed successor. *Le Monde's* working journalists now own 40% of its shares and have veto power over the naming of a new director.

Beuve-Méry's unwillingness to compromise extended, some think unfortunately, to *Le Monde's* appearance. He persistently spurned layout techniques commonly used to seduce readership; for instance, the only photographs in *Le Monde* are those in advertisements. But if *Le Monde* looks as unpalatable as absinthe, it can be equally habit-forming. Among the 470,000 addicts who take it daily: Pope Paul, the Shah of Iran, the King of Nepal, and the Presidents of Pakistan and South Korea.

One name prominently missing from its daily subscription lists is that of De Gaulle. But it is known that he still reads it since his own retirement this year, and it would be surprising if he did not. It was De Gaulle who encouraged Beuve-Méry to start *Le Monde* at the end of World War II as an honest newspaper that would carry France's prestige throughout the world. He probably got more honesty than he sought, for *Le Monde* became one of his most eloquent critics over issues such as Al-

PIERRE HONOREZ



BEUVE-MÉRY & "LE MONDE"
A Gaullist before De Gaulle.

geria, nuclear policy and the war on the dollar. When De Gaulle pledged in 1967 to aid French Canadians seeking "liberation," Beuve-Méry wrote that the President was suffering from a "pathological superego." Adding piquancy to the clashes was the fact that the President and the editor shared strong character traits—courage, independence, and a devotion to what each thought was best for France. A veteran *Le Monde* staffer remarks: "Beuve was a Gaullist long before De Gaulle was. But Beuve was never a Gaullist at the same time that De Gaulle was."

No Time to Sit. Unlike many other successful men who were "poor, very poor" in childhood, Beuve-Méry has continued to lead a life of austerity. He lives modestly in Paris, and to fuel the heating system of a two-room chalet he rents near the Swiss border, Madame Beuve-Méry fetches sacks of sawdust in the family's economy-class Citroën. At *Le Monde's* daily story conferences, his habit was to stand; so did his editors. "We're in a hurry to get to work," he once explained in his soft voice. "There isn't time to sit."

Beuve-Méry's successor is Jacques Fauvet, 55, who stepped up from editor in chief. The author of half a dozen books on French domestic politics, Fauvet is just as interested as Beuve-Méry in reaching the intellectual elite. There will be no changes in *Le Monde*, he says. "The emphasis will be on continuity." Yet, in view of the personal strength that Beuve-Méry brought to it, it is only natural that some have raised the question: Can *Le Monde* survive without him? One might just as well ask: Can France survive without De Gaulle? The answer to both questions is, of course, yes. But neither will ever be quite the same.



3-11 5-5-5 2-3-6-8

Numbers make things move. In calling a play. Or in placing a call.

During last year's pro draft, for example, managers and coaches used their telephone numbers to run up over 25,000 hours on our nationwide communications system—simply using telephone and tele-

typewriters. And that's just a beginning.

In future years, managers will be getting information by phone directly from computers, and coaches may be watching films of players over Picturephone® sets.

The Bell System network is becoming

more versatile. Today it carries pictures, handwriting, computer data. Almost anything can go on our network thanks to our people. They make it come alive.





PAUL MASSON CALIFORNIA CHAMPAGNE, SARATOGA, CALIFORNIA © 1969

The embassy reception:
where the only bubbling gaiety
is in the glasses.

(Paul Masson is the life of more
diplomatic parties than any other
American champagne.)

MUSIC

Misunderstood Messiah

"And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly Host praising God" and singing Handel's *Messiah*. Though cynics may snarl "But who may abide the day of His coming?" they will be a small, silent (or at least ignored) minority. As Christmas threatens from Tokyo to Toledo, *Messiah*s are busting out again all over the world. The work is being staged, illustrated with color slides, tinkled through by tiny orchestras, blasted over by huge ones, shouted by great singers and squeaked by small ones. In New York and San Francisco, people are paying to sight-read the choruses at "Messiah sing-ins," and at the White House, President Nixon heard a 30-minute sam-

ple. One way or another, Handel's *Messiah* these days is as omnipresent as its namesake—and just about as worshiped and abused.

Written during a hectic three-and-a-half weeks in the summer of 1741, Handel's oratorio has always been a smash. If a nearly endless succession of well-meaning popularizers have taken gross and extravagant liberties with it, Handel is partly to blame. A shrewd businessman, he ensured *The Messiah's* success by hiring the best and most popular singers in 18th century London to sing it. If the bass singer was not very good, Handel would turn the bass aria into a recitative, rewrite it for an alto or even a soprano. For flexible soprano voices, he would doll up the music with ornaments and, if another soprano complained, he would steal a few arias from the first soprano and slip them to the second. To further befuddle historians, Handel was continually juggling arias to fit whatever boy soprano, male alto or countertenor happened along. As a result, a wide range of different but thoroughly authentic "original versions" of the oratorio came into being.

Obese Orchestras. Thereafter, everybody got into the act. From Mozart to obscure professors, composers reorchestrated and rearranged *The Messiah*. Since everybody wanted to sing it too, the choruses became enormous, and orchestras swelled proportionately. On the theory that if Handel had had a big orchestra he would have used it, a series of uncalled-for instruments puffed Handel's clean, baroque textures into plodding Victorian obesity. This musical elephantiasis reached some sort of a climax in 1959, when Sir Thomas Beecham recorded a *Messiah* that sounded a bit like Richard Strauss's *Elektra*: with cymbals, bells, triangles, and even a gong.

But by the mid 20th century, a nagging suspicion had long been growing that perhaps Handel might have been right all along. Brave souls began conducting *The Messiah* in the "original version"—or at least one of them—in which chorus and orchestra were small and Handel's rich, polyphonic style remained clear. By 1958, when such scholarly editions as that by British Musicologist Watkins Shaw appeared, much of the world knew how the work may have sounded in Handel's day. American Conductor Thomas Dunn, who has made a specialty of *The Messiah*, has played four different versions of the oratorio on consecutive nights, insisting on crisply double-dotted rhythms, embellishments and cadenzas. The full impact of brass instruments and drums is saved for the "Hallelujah." Choruses are kept small enough to manage the fast passages with some semblance of accuracy. The leaner, swifter *Messiah* turns out to be far more exciting.

But tradition (often defined as the



HANDEL CONDUCTS AS GEORGE II LOOKS ON
Which is the "original" original?

memory of the last bad performance) dies slowly. "There is this custom that any music dealing with sacred matters must necessarily be pale-faced and solemn," says British Conductor Colin Davis, whose recording of *The Messiah* is the best presently available. "I think it's a horrible hangover from the 19th century." Though some *Messiah*s are now smaller and better, many are bigger and worse. The stultifying Sunday-afternoon-in-church *Messiah* lives on, giving singers pleasure and listeners the fidgets. "*Messiah* has been the world's most misinterpreted piece," says Conductor Dunn. "But people get involved with it and it is a money-maker. There are even legends about it—like the story that King George once had to get up and go to the bathroom and everybody in the theater rose, which is supposed to explain why everybody stands up during the Hallelujah chorus."

However played, Handel's *Messiah* transcends the boundaries of taste, religion, nationality and race. Its text, a skillful compilation of scriptural passages, is both dramatic and moving, suggesting the story of Jesus of Nazareth but shying away from the details. This, Dunn says, may be the secret of its universal popularity. "It's not so Roman Catholic that Protestants get all upset, and the Jews don't mind because Jesus Christ is mentioned only three times. Furthermore, it's a piece about a concept of salvation without being too specific. Even atheists don't get upset."

Professor Koten Okuda, Japan's most noted Handel scholar, agrees. *The Messiah*, he says, is a Christmas staple in Japan and its greatest admirers are Buddhists and Shintoists.

Top of the Decade

Classical

- ▶ Nureyev and Fonteyn dance their first Giselle, Covent Garden, 1962.
 - ▶ The premiere of Benjamin Britten's *War Requiem*, Coventry, England, 1962.
 - ▶ The Bernstein-Zeffirelli production of Verdi's *Falstaff* with Baritone Geraint Evans, Metropolitan Opera, 1964.
 - ▶ Maria Callas returns to the Met in *Tosca*, New York, 1965.
 - ▶ London Records (English Decca) completes the world's first recording of Wagner's *Der Ring des Nibelungen*, conducted by Georg Solti, 1965.
 - ▶ The premiere of Polish Composer Krzysztof Penderecki's *St. Luke Passion*, Germany, 1966.
 - ▶ Vladimir Horowitz returns to the concert stage after a twelve-year absence, New York, 1966.
 - ▶ Beverly Sills sings Handel's *Julius Caesar* at the New York City Opera, 1966.
 - ▶ *Jewels*, by George Balanchine, is danced by the New York City Ballet, 1967.
 - ▶ The premiere of Italian Composer Luciano Berio's *Sinfonia*, New York, 1968.
- Popular**
- ▶ Miles Davis and Gil Evans record *Sketches of Spain*, 1960.
 - ▶ Bob Dylan and Joan Baez sing protest songs at the Newport Festival, 1963.
 - ▶ The *Barbra Streisand Album* appears on Columbia Records, 1963.
 - ▶ The Beatles are heard singing *I Want to Hold Your Hand*, 1964.
 - ▶ Jazz Saxophonist John Coltrane records *A Love Supreme*, 1965.
 - ▶ The Beatles' *Sergeant Pepper* album is released, 1967.
 - ▶ Jefferson Airplane records *Surrealistic Pillow*, 1967.
 - ▶ Aretha Franklin soul concert at New York's Madison Square Garden, 1968.
 - ▶ The Rolling Stones bring out *Beggars Banquet* on LP, 1968.
 - ▶ Johnny Cash records his performance at Folsom Prison, 1968.

RELIGION



JACKSON (RIGHT) LEADING BREADbasket MEETING: SOUL PLUS COOL

THE NEW MINISTRY: BRINGING GOD BACK TO LIFE

DECEMBER is the darkest month. The sun is lowest in the sky. The nights are longest. Yet in its midst—perhaps in their hunger for warmth and light in the nadir of seasons—believers of the Western world have immemorially celebrated hope. In recent years, God has seemed to many as dim as the winter-solstice sun on the horizon. It has been a December of religion. Now, as the days grow longer into the new decade, believers and those who would like to believe are hoping that the long, bleak month is over.

Is God coming back to life? Was he ever really "dead"? Perhaps he was eclipsed during a period of dizzying social change. And if he returns, will it be to the familiar life of church and synagogue or to another locale? The marketplace? The slum? The commune? The barricade?

The most notable fact in religion today is that ministers of all denominations are trying, somewhat desperately but with immense energy and imagination, to find new ways to carry God back into the everyday life of society and to make him, in the prevailing cliché of the day, "relevant." This is not primarily a theological movement. Still, important new trends in theology suggest that God may best be met in the co-creation of a more humane society or, internally, in the deepest structures of our own psyches (see box, page 42). As so often in the history of faith, this new effort to build a new ministry is a reaction against past failures.

Titanic of the Spirit

Churchmen have been visible enough: Martin Luther King preaching his dream, Dan and Phil Berrigan raiding draft boards, William Coffin marching for peace, Father Groppi summoning his people out of the ghetto. Even so, the failure of the churches at large to deal with the social and psychological condition of mankind seems to many

to reflect a decline of decision and direction. The prevalent eroticism in the arts, sexual permissiveness, the drug culture, the rise in crime and other violence, the increase in petty dishonesty—all point to the erosion of the churches' moral authority. With gallows humor, a Catholic priest dismisses reforms like lay parish councils as "shuffling deck chairs on the *Titanic*."

The Gallup poll records a slippage in U.S. church attendance on an average Sunday from 49% of the population in 1958 to 43% in 1968. The young are not as irreligious as they seem—far from it. But most fail to recognize their religious impulse, and they satisfy it far away from the churches—in Eastern (or pseudo-Eastern) mysteries, in drug reveries, in the noisy trance of rock, or sometimes in the touchable realities of nature.

Protestant seminary enrollments are slightly up, but Catholic enrollments in the U.S. and elsewhere are dropping drastically. More disturbing is the departure of experienced Catholic priests. According to a conservative estimate, as many as 4,000 U.S. priests leave the formal priesthood each year. Often they include some of the ablest men in the priesthood: college presidents, heads of monasteries or religious provinces, teachers and philosophers.

Something, clearly, has prompted such men to abandon the old forms. Although dissatisfaction with the rule of celibacy is one important cause, most dropout priests and many vocation specialists find that the roots of trouble are deeper. For some young curates in an old-fashioned rectory, it may be simply a feeling that they are not realizing their potential; for others, the cause is frustration with a system of authority that seems overbearing and out of date. Yet the church cannot just abandon the structure. Too many generations of priests, says Sociologist Philip Murnion, have been "socialized"—conditioned to

react only to the dictates of an established structure. When priests live and work on their own, as they have in some experimental programs, they often leave the active ministry. After they leave, they are apt to join secular bureaucracies—notably welfare agencies—that also allow them little room for personal initiative and responsibility.

The Deeper Dilemma

A malaise affects all faiths when society seems to be coming apart, as it does seem to many today, and minister and congregation both may be uncertain which role is more appropriate: that of prophet anticipating the future, or that of stabilizer reaffirming the past. On the other hand, Dr. Dale Moody, a Baptist theologian currently teaching at Rome's Pontifical Gregorian University, believes that the church is being deliberately dinned out of its complacency: "God is giving the church a good shaking today. With his left hand he disturbs her slumber with the noise of social revolution, and with his right hand he rings the bell calling for relevance to such pressing social problems as race, poverty and war. A polarity develops in every denomination of Christianity between those calling for old-fashioned soul-winning and those new styles of social action that shock and startle the faithful."

A similar conflict has begun to appear in the Jewish faith. "The world teachers and Judaism peters," writes Jewish Theological Seminary Graduate Ben Hollander in an outspoken criticism of Jewish seminary attitudes. "Flames flare close; horrors in Harlem, clashes at Columbia. But the seminary inscrutably stands proclaiming its message. The encyclopedia must learn to get off the shelf and start walking and talking like a man."

On the one hand, laymen of every faith are declaring their independence by shaping their own personal ethics;

on the other, they are demanding that the clergy, who ought to have the answers, somehow solve all the urgent and increasingly complex moral, technological and political issues that face society. Some say that the task is impossible and simply dismiss it; others have decided, like Hollander, that the only answer is broadly based training that equips a churchman to comprehend the clamorous needs of today's world. Like their counterparts in secular universities, seminarians do not always recommend the wisest changes for the long run; they often want to discard required courses like Hebrew and Greek without realizing that the conservative seminaries, which are preserving the languages, would thus acquire a virtual monopoly on biblical exegesis. But in other areas, the students are forcing the best seminaries into meeting the problems of society head-on, and in the process are clearly forming the future of the church.

The New Seminaries

The most obvious result so far is the increasing—some say overemphasized—concentration on inner-city ministries. Unitarian Universalist churchmen have approved an experimental plan that will allow seminarians to freewheel around New York for three years, taking courses wherever they want to, living in the ghettos if they choose, learning to minister to the world principally by living in it. A larger and more structured program along similar lines is apparently working well. Last year Manhattan's onetime conservative New York Theological Seminary made a major shift in direction by choosing as its new president George W. ("Bill") Webber, 49, liberal former pastor of the experimental East Harlem Protestant Parish. Out went required courses; in came such things as a part-time bachelor-of-divinity program, which those in secular employment can finish in five years.

Top of the Decade

- ▶ Eugene Carson Blake proposes ambitious U.S. Protestant merger, 1960.
- ▶ Pope John XXIII opens the Second Vatican Council, 1962.
- ▶ U.S. Supreme Court outlaws required school prayer and Bible reading, 1963.
- ▶ Pope Paul VI visits Holy Land, gives symbolic embrace to Orthodox Ecumenical Patriarch Athenagoras, 1964.
- ▶ Secularization of religious thought, typified by Harvey Cox's *The Secular City*, 1965.
- ▶ "New Morality" diminishes biblical absolutes of right and wrong, as in Joseph Fletcher's *Situation Ethics*, 1966.
- ▶ Episcopal bishops chastise Bishop James Pike but tolerate his heresies, 1966.
- ▶ Pope Paul's reassertion of the ban on artificial birth control, 1968.
- ▶ Evangelical Protestants urge personal commitment to Christ, plus social responsibility, at Minneapolis congress, 1969.
- ▶ Age of titans ends with deaths of C. S. Lewis, Martin Buber, Albert Schweitzer, Paul Tillich, John Courtney Murray, Thomas Merton, Harry Emerson Fosdick—and the pre-eminent theologian Karl Barth.

In Somerville, near Boston, young Jews are trying a different approach—not by moving out into the city but by moving in toward each other. The group calls itself Havurat Shalom Community Seminary, but it bears little resemblance to a traditional Jewish divinity school. It is actually a fellowship of about 40 well-educated members, including married couples, who meet in a small frame house to study Jewish mysticism and devise experimental forms of worship. Similar group-seminaries are springing up in New York and Philadelphia.

By far the major development in religious education will be the "cluster seminary," modeled on the successful Graduate Theological Union on "Holy Hill" in Berkeley. Founded only seven years ago, G.T.U. now includes nine seminaries and seven associated centers, including Episcopal, Baptist, Presbyterian, Lutheran and Unitarian institutions, and three theological schools of Roman Catholic religious orders: Jesuit, Dominican and Franciscan. The Boston Theological Institute has brought together six Roman Catholic and Protestant seminaries and a graduate department of theology in a similar union; other clusters are being formed in Rochester, N.Y.; Washington, D.C.; New York City, Toronto and even Dubuque.

The conglomerate seminary has obvious practical benefits. Libraries are better. Shared facilities raise teaching standards while keeping individual seminary costs at a bearable level. Cross-registration affords each student the chance to pursue his own curriculum under the best available teachers. The interaction of the diverse groups also contributes dramatically to future

changes in the church. President John Dillenberger of G.T.U. even hopes that local parishes will tie in to the cluster and participate directly in this transformation.

Such ferment in the seminaries indicates that the church has any number of options. The suggestions from the schools—and from ghetto, pulpit and cloister—are broad: team ministries, part-time ministries, specialized ministries; elaborate celebrations, informal rituals; large, united churches, small groups. Some forms that now seem incompatible may well come to live side by side. Most of them are already being tested by ministers even now.

A Special Magic

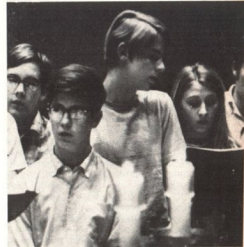
What really works in the ministry today? Curiously, almost anything, if it is done with spirit—or Spirit. Now, as in other times, there are ministers with that special gift of God that the Greeks called *charisma*, an ability to inspire energy and enthusiasm among the apathetic and the alienated. Though they can be found in every ministry, many seem to work a special magic among the young.

Last month in Florida, Los Angeles-based Baptist Minister Arthur Blessitt, 29, took his hip spiritual message to the West Palm Beach Rock Festival. Of the 50,000 spectators who heard him speak, 20,000 showed up for a Sunday-morning Gospel service. Blessitt, who holds almost permanent open house in a converted nightclub on Sunset Strip called His Place, appeals to his young congregation in their own argot: "Jesus is just the best trip, man. You don't have to drop acid to get high—all you have to do is pray and you go all the way to heaven." He runs a home for reformed drug addicts, regularly holds "toilet services" in which parishioners who want to kick the habit ceremonially flush away their drugs. A Louisiana bayou boy who has been preaching since

RICHARD PIPES



JOHN RYDGRÉN
Rock with God.



PULKINGHAM'S COFFEEHOUSE COMMUNION
Communes across Houston.

Changing Theologies for a Changing World

There is a very practical reason why we as Christians need a theology of revolution. Without it we will be at a total loss about what to do for the rest of the century.

—Carl Braaten, *The Future of God* (1969)

FOR many who are revolutionizing the ministry, action is its own imperative. They feel no lack of any underpinning theology; a pressing social need is Gospel enough. For others, the words of Jesus are a better rationale: "As long as you did it for one of these, the least of my brethren, you did it for me." Yet secular involvement is an enterprise that brings many unfamiliar encounters; it can profoundly disturb the cleric who comes to it without a theology. For such men, contemporary theologians are seeking to develop a new understanding of the central relationships of human life, and in the process are redefining man, the world and the Multifarious Presence that most of them are still willing to call God.

Like the revolutionary processes they are designed to complement, the new theologies conceive of a developing world where man is continually changing, and at least the concept of God is changing with him. Those shaping the new thought are natural heirs to a number of earlier schools of philosophy and theology that have attempted to explain man's role in the secular—Hegel and Whitehead, the process theologians, the existentialists and evolutionary thinkers like Pierre Teilhard de Chardin. The problematic relationship between the sacred and secular is described in Harvey Cox's influential 1965 book *The Secular City* as "the loosening of the world from religious and quasi-religious understandings of itself, the breaking of all myths and supernatural symbols." If anywhere,

Christ might only be sought through humanistic action in the world.

For "Christian radical" theologians like Thomas Altizer and William Hamilton, God was dead, and the sacred with him. Nietzsche had coined the phrase in the 19th century, but it was Altizer, the Christian atheist, who gave it new currency. The God of the Bible had died in Jesus Christ, he said, and lived on in the world only in man. There was not much more to say. It was the task of others to effect a resurrection.

Hope as the Principle

One of the most promising new developments—the theology of hope—rejects the death of God by stating, in effect, that God is alive and well in history. German theologian Wolfhart Pannenberg cleared the stage for this movement by challenging Biblical Demythologizer Rudolph Bultmann, the dominant voice in postwar German theology. Pannenberg dramatically asserted God's past action in history by reaffirming that Christ actually rose from the dead, and established his future activity by making the *eschaton* ("last things") once again real and important: Judgment and Christ's Second Coming were the proper endpoint of history. But it remained for Jürgen Moltmann, a young Reformed theologian in Germany, to articulate the future in a thoroughgoing, credible theology mindful of the present.

Moltmann makes his point clear from the very beginning of his work, *The Theology of Hope*. "Christian faith strains after the promises of the universal future of Christ. There is only one real problem in Christian theology: the problem of the future." As Moltmann sees it, the churches have neglected that central point of Christianity almost com-

pletely, looking wistfully back, instead, toward a vanished primordial paradise. "The Church lives on memories," Moltmann writes in a second book, *Religion, Revolution, and the Future*, "the world on hope."

Moltmann took his initial cue and much of his underlying philosophy from a highly unorthodox source: Marxist Philosopher Ernst Bloch.* Bloch is an atheist who nonetheless believes that man's hope for the future is the only transcendence in the universe: "Where there is hope, there is religion." Moreover, says Bloch, a hopeful future came into the world with the Bible.

Precisely, says Moltmann. What makes man's future so full of promise is not the modernist's idea of upward, evolutionary progress inherent in man but, quite simply, Christ's death and Resurrection. No matter whether the Resurrection is verifiable as a historical

* Little-known in the U.S. but highly respected in Germany for his multivolumed *Principle of Hope*, written in the 1940s while he lived in Philadelphia.

PETER LANGENBACH



PANNENBERG

BURTON GERSHINSKY



MOLTMANN

he was 15, Blessitt criticizes the churches for being "more interested in condemning than helping"—a criticism not likely to be made against him.

Like Blessitt's free-form vocation, New York-based John Rydgren's ministry to the young is conducted in their own language—but in Rydgren's case the language is rock. Snappily dressed and sideburned, Rydgren, 37, is an ordained minister of the American Lutheran Church still on the active books of his denomination—and one of the country's most articulate and popular rock disk jockeys. His show, called *Love*, runs on 13 FM stations in major cities. On Los Angeles' KABC-FM his tapes are broadcast 24 hours a day, dispensing a lively selection of rock aimed at pointing up his capsule philosophical comments or provocative questions about life and the state of the world. Rydgren has picked up a sizable group

of young followers who write to him as "Brother John," asking for personal or spiritual advice. He answers them all. And, he points out, he can say what he likes because "I don't have to pass the plate."

One ancient life style the young have taken up with fresh enthusiasm is communalism. Increasingly popular among the youthful dispossessed, whose rural hippie enclaves seem to be adopting more and more a quasi-religious mystique, the commune is an authentic American tradition, dating principally from the Utopian religious communities of the 19th century. Young and old are again attempting the collective life, particularly in several urban communities.

An Episcopal pentecostalist is having remarkable success with one such experiment in Houston. Some 120 followers of the Rev. Graham Pulkington have organized 16 experimental com-

munes, ranging from groups of working people to foster homes for parentless children. The communes are set up in ordinary houses scattered throughout the city. Members contribute all or part of their income to the community, basing their action on the example of the early Christian communities.

Pioneering Commune

A pioneer in the modern urban religious commune was Reba Place Fellowship in Evanston, Ill., founded in 1957 by a group of students from Mennonite-run Goshen College in Indiana. Today the fellowship (which includes four of the original members) numbers 15 families and a dozen single people from many religious backgrounds, though mainly from the "peace" churches: Quaker, Mennonite, Church of the Brethren. All personal income (ranging downward from one member's \$14,000-

event; that "something" happened to give early Christians their immense hope is evidence enough. In addition, argues Moltmann, while the Resurrection may be "the sign of future hope," the cross itself—through Christ's sacrifice—means "hope to the hopeless."

Johannes Metz, a German Roman Catholic theologian-of-hope who is working with Moltmann on a new book of political theology, makes a similar assessment of the Christian impact on the world. "The secularity of the world, as we see it today in a globally heightened form, has fundamentally arisen not against Christianity but through it," he writes. "It is originally a Christian event." So is it also, in a strikingly different way, in the thinking of Roman Catholic Theologian Gregory Baum. In a study called *Man Becoming*, to be published next spring, New York-based Father Baum perceives the promise of eschatology not so much in man's collective history as in each man's psychological nature. The "coming God," as Baum sees him, offers man a special freedom to rise above the determinism of his psyche. "Human life is opened," Baum writes. The Word of God is a summons to man to transcend his

past, the Spirit is the gift of grace to answer that summons.

Might not such theological concepts impel men toward social revolution? Indeed, yes. U.S. Theologian Richard Shaull says that only at the center of the revolution can we "perceive what God is doing." His fellow romanticist Rubem Alves, a 36-year-old Brazilian Protestant, thinks man must meet the liberating event of Christ's Resurrection halfway, as "co-creator" of his own destiny (a Teilhardian notion) through the processes of political revolution. Moltmann frankly admits that hope leads to revolution, declaring that the Christian community ought above all to favor the poor and the dispossessed. But both he and Alves suggest that Christians should have a moderating influence on revolutionary ideologies, tempering their vainglory, curbing their violence, offering joy, perspective and humor.

The two theologians are hardly alone in recommending the rediscovery of joy to a new generation of believers. In fact, the emphasis on the Dionysian element in life—celebration, song, dance, laughter—is fast acquiring a theology of its own. In *The Feast of Fools*, Harvey Cox presents Christ as clown and

Christianity as comedy, because the world "should not be taken with ultimate or final seriousness." Theologian Sam Keen, 38, pleads a similar case in *Apology for Wonder*. While he believes that "the wise man is a dancer," he insists that the "authentic" man temper his ecstasy with a sense of timeliness.

Inner Voyages

What might be next in theology? Philosopher-Psychologist Jean Houston, co-director with her husband R. E. L. Masters of the Foundation for Mind Research, believes that current experiments in deepening awareness by psychological techniques or with drugs (which she does not advocate) are already leading to a rise in what she calls "experiential" theology. According to Houston, the human psyche possesses a "built-in point of contact" with a larger reality that is experienced as divine. As the laboratory "improves upon techniques developed in the monastery," people will increasingly encounter this interior sacrality. Indeed, she claims, "theology may soon become dominated by men whose minds and imaginations have been stimulated by inner voyages of one kind or another."

Such a personal theology would naturally tend to blur the boundaries of denomination and discipline. It would lead creative theologians into increasing exploration not only into other faiths but also into other disciplines: anthropology, sociology, psychology—to say nothing of the physical sciences.

Whatever new or old doors theology enters, for many men the reality of God in the future may well remain as elusive as it has been in the past. For all of the hoping, God will still seem painfully far ahead; for all of the evidence at hand, the rumors of angels will often be too faint to hear. What then? In secular society, as in earlier eras, the question mark will remain. But so will the glimmers of answers.



KEEN



COX



BAUM

a-year salary) goes into the community. Says Virgil Vogt, a member since 1962: "Sharing our money and living together this way is what religion is all about. Our basic motivation is Christian; we're involved in the search for new forms."

Not all the methods of revitalizing the urban scene are unconventional. In downtown Philadelphia, the Rev. Dr. James Montgomery Boice, 31, has used an old-fashioned ministry of preaching and theology to inject new vigor into the fading, 140-year-old Tenth Presbyterian Church, just off Rittenhouse Square. Boice has superb credentials: a Harvard English degree, a Princeton bachelor of divinity, a doctorate in theology from the University of Basel (where Karl Barth taught). He uses his training, spends up to three days a week preparing meticulous sermons on the Bible. He is currently working his way through a year-long exposition of

the Sermon on the Mount, explaining Christ's ethics step by step each Sunday. His middle-class parishioners have warmed to his teaching. Membership has risen, and attendance one Sunday early this month was 500—a peak that had not been reached in many years.

What This Neighborhood Needs

Youth can clearly be a major asset in a city ministry. Rabbi Stephen Riskin is only 29, but his congregation, Lincoln Square Synagogue, is one of the most exciting in New York. And it is Orthodox. Rabbi Riskin does not bend the law; he explains it. "Rituals teach discipline, compassion," he maintains. "How you eat, what you eat, can be a religious experience." Because he believes that a rabbi is rightly defined as "a teacher involved with his students"—and practices that belief—Riskin evokes a remarkable response. Young people gath-

er around him at the synagogue and pack his weekly classes on Jewish mysticism. Unequivocally, Riskin feels that the 20th century is finally "giving the soul its due. We have passed the age of rationalism and are understanding that we relate to a Higher Being."

Traditional methods, imaginatively used, have resulted in crowded Masses at New Orleans' St. Francis de Sales Roman Catholic Church. The white frame building once stood in an equally white section of town, but now the central-city area is black. To meet the needs of the new congregation, Father Joseph Putnam, 40, its white pastor, employs more than one kind of tradition. The free-wheeling Sunday services, though Catholic in ritual, are heavily Black Baptist in flavor. Music Director Alexander Rankins, a Negro, pounds an old upright piano, leading the altarside choir in standard Negro spiri-

tuals and other numbers from three books on the piano: *The Catholic Mass*, *The Baptist Standard Hymnal* and *Gospel Pearls*. Father Putnam talks about the meaning of humility—"A humble man must be strong. Jesus taught us that"—and recommends a play that some of the neighborhood's angry young blacks are presenting in the Dushiki Project Theater, for which the parish supplies space. The Mass closes with *Swing Low, Sweet Chariot*. Membership is particularly strong among the young.

Still within the urban parish mold—but hardly in the traditional church building—is Chicago's Circle Church, which meets in a Teamsters hall. Its founder, David Mains, 33, was a vaguely dissatisfied Baptist minister trying to start a new parish in a polyglot Chicago neighborhood when he chanced to stop by the union hall. "Any time you want to start a church," the local's secretary-treasurer told him, "you can meet here for free. What this neighborhood needs is another goddam Prot-

J. B. EVANS



BLESITT'S TOILET RITE
Down the drain with Satan.

estant church." Mains' church is Protestant—it has since affiliated with the Evangelical Free Church of America—but it welcomes everyone. His team ministry is mixed (a Negro, two whites and a Filipino-Chinese assist him), and the congregation is even more disparate: foreign students from the University of Illinois' nearby Chicago Circle Campus, poor people from the neighborhood, an increasing number of hippies and occasional young whites from the suburbs. Worship services are simple: a sermon, followed by a choice of four discussion groups, one in each corner of the hall. Despite his social concern, Mains insists that his mission is primarily spiritual. "I think," he says, "that man has changed mainly through personal relation with God."

That theme—spirituality—is stressed

more and more these days by activist members of the ministry. Ivan Illich, who gave up the formal priesthood to work on his educational theories at the Center for Intercultural Documentation in Cuernavaca, Mexico, insists that the proper outcome of any of the new ministries is "an intimate personal awareness of the meaning of religion." The psychedelic generation's most revered and thoughtful guru, former Episcopal Priest Alan Watts, now living in Sausalito, Calif., argues that church services ought to offer "more opportunity for meditation and spiritual experience." Monsignor Robert Fox, director of New York's Full Circle Associates, is an activist who nonetheless maintains that "you can't reach others without prayer and contemplation."

The Riches of Others

Full Circle has a spiritual mystique that is rare in religious urban reform efforts. As a result of Fox's work as archdiocesan coordinator of New York's Spanish Community Action, Full Circle has established affiliates and projects in most of the city's marginal or ghetto areas. The object, says Fox, is not to push through neighborhood improvement projects, but "to show others the riches in themselves"—to inspire the poor to become aware of their own resources and the potential beauty of the urban setting. That process has inspired some notable neighborhood renewals.

The title of Fox's group derives from his conviction that "when you help others, you grow yourself—and you find the need to grow and develop further." His almost mystical approach has been criticized as unrealistic by a good friend, Father Harry Browne, a Manhattan pastor who has made his own considerable imprint on urban redevelopment mainly through political methods. Browne, for ten years president of the Stryckers Bay Neighborhood Council redevelopment project on the West Side, now heads St. Gregory's parish in the same neighborhood, where he has mobilized voter-power to get better housing, schools and police protection.

Others who share Bob Fox's earnestness and creativity are carving out unusual ministries in a number of related fields. In Louisiana, Roman Catholic Priest Albert McKnight, 45, a Brooklyn-born black, has had remarkable success with a rural redevelopment enterprise called the Southern Consumer's Cooperative. It has opened, among other things, a farmers' cooperative, a prosperous fruit-cake bakery and a cut-rat supermarket, and has given local Negroes a strong motivation to join Father McKnight's literacy program. (A former sharecropper, illiterate two years ago, is now the co-op's farm marketing expert.) In Philadelphia, American Baptist Minister Leon Sullivan, another Negro, has pursued the self-help goal on an even larger scale. He is credited with starting dozens of job-training centers across the country. The Rev. Jesse

Jackson's "Operation Breadbasket," on Chicago's South Side, is nationally famous for its community action.

Black clergymen, in fact, have seemed to enjoy a confident tradition of "open ministry" that puts them in the forefront of church action. Pentacostalist Minister Frederick Douglass Kirkpatrick, 33, a member of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, believes—and earnestly preaches—that all races can live together better than they can separately. His principal ministry these days is folk songs, which he delivers in a rich Leadbelly bass, often on marches for peace in Washington or New York, and this month on a tour of some 20 colleges and universities through the South. Though a robustly spiritual man, Kirkpatrick suggests that more black ministers might use their special independence more fruitfully if they could abandon the pie-in-the-sky preaching inherited from slavery days and "get down to the problems right here."

As far back as the late 19th century, when Walter Rauschenbusch worked out his Social Gospel in the slums of New York, the urban ministry has been the classic ordination-of-fire for young clerical zealots. But despite the problems, opportunities for white ministers are fading. For one thing, many black communities no longer want white clergymen, friendly or not. For another, there are more and more radicalized seminarians competing for ghetto ministries. Now, as interest in parish assignments begins to go up again, seminary graduates are being forced to look to the suburbs, where many innovative ministers have proved that there is opportunity aplenty.

Challenging the Affluent

Northeast of Los Angeles, amid the rolling hills of suburban La Canada, Presbyterian Minister Gary Demarest, 43, speaks wryly of his mission. "In the '60s, we saw ourselves out there leading the army magnificently, but when we looked back, the army wasn't there." Now he soldiers quietly by employing his affluent congregation in the task of finding low-cost housing for less prosperous families. The congregation recruits bankers, mortgage lawyers and other professionals to help low-income families find and purchase FHA homes. The congregation commits itself to advise and assist such families for the life of the mortgage.

A more comprehensive example of religious revival in the suburbs is the Community of Christ the Servant in Downers Grove, Ill., a booming residential district just west of Chicago. With the blessing of President Robert J. Marshall of the Lutheran Church in America, the Rev. Jack Lundin, 43, set up headquarters in a rickety barn and house opposite a new shopping center a year ago. "Not a church, but a community," according to its pastor, it has 160 members who have "accepted the covenant and 100 or so more who attend with

some regularity. The members are busy, but not with the usual parochial committee work. Wednesday nights, adults meet for "content" sessions on spiritual and social questions while children gather for freewheeling classes on the arts. On Thursdays, adults gather T-group style for community problem solving. On Sundays, worship services usually begin with ten or 15 minutes of informal discussion among the congregation, followed by liturgy and music that are often composed by Lundin, formerly a professional musician, or a member of the congregation. The music for Christmas was written by a Jewish friend who works for *Playboy*.

U.S. clergymen have no monopoly on imagination. In British Columbia, Bishop Fergus O'Grady founded "the Frontier Apostolate," in which 174 volunteers serve as a kind of Far North VISTA for Catholic and non-Catholic alike in O'Grady's farflung diocese. In Lima, Peru, 100 young priests drafted a proposal of revolutionary social re-

ened to disband the Dutch province if it goes ahead with the project.

In the early 1900s, many Christians talked euphorically of the "Christian Century"—a label still worn by a liberal Protestant magazine. Others predicted that the era would see the demise of religion and the triumph of science; they were also proved wrong. Few prophets today see either triumph or tragedy. Whether the ministry survives will ultimately depend on what mankind decides a minister is—or should be. Though clergymen, theologians and social scientists offer widely different interpretations of some aspects of the future church, the consensus for the foreseeable future seems to be that old and new will exist side by side. Some of their specific predictions:

- **ROMAN CATHOLICISM:** Celibacy will become optional, possibly within the decade. The church will become increasingly democratic. Catholic laymen—as Protestants and Jews customarily have done—will choose their own ministers.



REBA PLACE SUPPER PRAYER
Into the pool with income.

forms, calling for the church to set the example. Surprisingly, Juan Cardinal Landázuri Ricketts moved out of his mansion and into a modest working class district. In Isolotto, outside Florence, suspended priest Don Enzo Mazzi (TIME, Dec. 27, 1968) is still holding his open-air Masses in the piazza for hundreds of worshippers.

The most radical new idea has come, as usual, from The Netherlands, where the Dutch provincial of the Augustinian order has proposed opening the country's 23 Augustinian convents to men and women of any Christian faith, married or single. Life would follow an experimental communal pattern that has not yet been fully worked out. They may not have the chance. Rome—which may remember that both Luther and Erasmus were Augustinians—has threat-

The lines between priest and laymen will blur. Rome has already sanctioned the married diaconate, which allows men to serve some priestly functions. In time, women may be ordained and laymen may celebrate the Eucharist.

- **PROTESTANTISM:** Ecumenical team ministries, averaging four or five members, will increasingly become the mode in Protestantism; several are already in existence. Liturgical duties and responsibilities for such tasks as education, counseling and administration will be divided according to each man's abilities.

- **JUDAISM:** Emerging from the ghetto in the past century, Judaism set up its rabbis in the prevailing Christian style as remote religious functionaries. Many Jews are now trying to reinstate the traditional role of the rabbi, which, as Orthodox Rabbi Joseph Karasick points

out, is to be "a teacher, guide and judge, integral to the community." In emphasizing the classic concept of the rabbi, the three U.S. branches of Judaism may grow closer together.

Most faiths and denominations will learn to tolerate internal sectarianism, a growth of little churches, or quasi churches, within the parent bodies. Such religious groups could be like the Christian underground or "liberated" churches. Ecumenism may well be halted at the formal institutional level as various denominations grow to cherish their distinctive characteristics all over again. At the same time, there will be more interfaith communication among individuals and among local churches.

Liturgies will continue to develop along two lines—the informal, at-home or small-group service, perhaps built around a neighborhood gathering or encounter session, and the bigger-than-ever cathedral celebration. Light shows, poetry, dance and electronic music may upstage incense, stained glass and organ, but the psychological effect will be much the same and just as necessary. Negro and Jewish influences may very well enrich the Christian tradition. As the Rev. J. Archie Hargraves notes, the Negro has two contrasting virtues: "soul" and "cool." He has learned to blend both, which may provide a useful example to white Christians needing to balance the passionate and the rational in their lives. From Judaism, suggests Rabbi Marc Tanenbaum, Christians could profitably take the ideas of "peoplehood" and "holy worldliness," for both may be central in the religions of the future.

To Humanize the World

The ministry will become ever more flexible. Besides team ministries and shared churches, there will be more "tentmaker ministries" and "hyphenated" priests—lawyer-priests, doctor-priests and others who emulate the Apostles by supporting themselves with a secular profession and serving a community during their free time. Such ministers, often trained laymen, will be needed to supplement rather than supplant the full-time cleric.

Beyond what the minister may do, what will he be during the next few decades? As material existence becomes more abundant for more and more men, the minister will have to become more and more the guide, energizer and catalyst—the "playing coach," in one cleric's term, the *agent provocateur* in another's.

An aloof and alien technological society has already shocked man into a rediscovery of his own humanity, with all its hopes and miseries. In every faith and in every believer, there is once again a burgeoning awareness of God—or at least a sense that every man is a priest to his fellow man.

* Named for St. Paul, who followed that trade throughout his life.

SHOW BUSINESS

Noel Coward at 70

INTERVIEWER: Mr. Coward, you've referred to the days of festivity surrounding your 70th birthday as "Holy Week." Are you looking forward to it?

NOEL COWARD: It will be a week of hell, not only for me but also for the people who have to sing my praises. I'll be sitting there wearing my tribute-accepting face, which shows me proud but unspoiled by my own success. It is a face I have used since 1920.

It was also, as he has said, the face of a "heavily doped Chinese illusionist"—a perfect Noel Coward characterization of the sort of facial urbanity one wears to prize-givings. At one dinner party, Earl Mountbatten of Burma actually calculated that Coward had written 27 plays and 281 songs, and Sir Laurence Olivier called him "utterly un-

ing "Happy Birthday." After which Richard Briers and Susannah York did the balcony scene from *Private Lives* (currently playing in Manhattan, amid great nostalgia and critical acclaim). Other Coward sketches and songs followed until, at 4 in the morning, the Chinese mask slipped once again. "Thank you all," said Coward, "for making this obviously the most moving theatrical moment of my life."

INTERVIEWER: Wouldn't you have liked to have done more than just amuse people?

COWARD: Dear boy, I have had no great causes. Do I have to? I can't think of any offhand. If I did, they'd be very offhand. I wanted to write good plays, to grip as well as amuse.

The background to last week's celebrations was a retrospective of Coward's career that was unprecedented even

himself calls "the Noel Coward renaissance." He has lived long enough to see himself transformed from a faded relic of some impossibly sophisticated yesterday into a minor classic. After World War II, a new generation viewed him—along with P. G. Wodehouse—as the last, slightly ridiculous vestige of the frivolous '20s. Country houses, stiff upper lips, cocktails-and-laughter-but-oh-what-comes-after and all that. Many of his plays flopped in the '40s and '50s and his fortunes sagged, although with typical resilience he embarked on a successful new venture as a cabaret performer in the '50s.

It was in the '60s that his best work, with its inspired inconsequentiality, seemed to exert not only a period charm but charm, period. Five years ago, a new production of *Hay Fever* (1924) by Olivier's National Theater Company set off a flurry of revivals and re-evaluations. The times seemed right for a look back at gaiety, and soon the brittle sophistication of legend, clenching a cigarette holder and dashing off pages of decadent dialogue before breakfast, had become the grand old man of the English theater.

INTERVIEWER: You always gave the press plenty to talk about.

COWARD: Certainly I did. I acted up like crazy. I did everything that was expected of me. Part of the job.

Coward's greatest single gift has not been writing or composing, not acting or directing, but projecting a sense of personal style, a combination of cheek and chic, pose and poise. He had it as a newcomer of 25, when he walked into a fashionable party where all but he were in formal dress, took in the situation at a glance and said reassuringly: "Now I don't want anyone to feel embarrassed." He has it still, dapper in a brown dinner jacket, hand elegantly holding aloft the perpetual cigarette, answering a request for a definition of the perfect life with a single word: "Mine."

The public persona that is built on this sense of style is Coward's one great creation, looming behind all his smaller ones and investing them with special effervescence. This is what John Osborne meant when he said that Coward "is his own invention and contribution to this century." This is what makes it idle to scan the man or his works for the "real" Noel Coward. The mask of supreme entertainer has become the man. With Coward's 70th birthday, the legend is sealed. As Carlyle said of the universe, we had best accept it—as gratefully as Coward does.

INTERVIEWER: I hope you haven't been bored having to go through all these interviews for your birthday, having to answer the same old questions about yourself.

COWARD: Not at all. I'm fascinated by the subject.



COWARD WITH GERTRUDE LAWRENCE (1936)



WITH MERLE OBERON (1969)

Cheek and chic, pose and poise.

spoiled." The Coward eyebrows uncocked a bit, the eyes glanced sideways, and the words hummed forth on the wings of a bee: "That's what you think." He rose to reply to the tributes at a midnight gala in his honor: "I am awfully overcome at this moment, and, as you see, restraining it with splendid fortitude."

Sir John Gielgud, Lady Diana Cooper and Richard Attenborough dined at 8:30 or thereabouts, and Merle Oberon flew in from Acapulco. The Queen Mother Elizabeth had him round to lunch. Book shops positively blossomed with Sheridan Morley's new Coward biography, *A Talent to Amuse*. At London's Phoenix Theater, Princess Margaret and Tony joined everyone in sing-

for as oft-revived a writer as he is. A parade of his plays and revues flickered past on BBC-TV. The National Film Theater began to spin out a series of his films. Occasions like 70th birthdays tend to bring out hyperbole, and uncritical reassessments blossomed in the press. Some critics went so far as to rank him with Sheridan and Wilde, or to call him England's greatest living playwright. Such judgments overlooked the extent to which Coward's work is sheerly theatrical, meaning not only shrewd in stagecraft but also remote from lives and issues outside the theater. The stage is all his world, and players are the only people on it.

Yet the pitch of last week's praise for Coward was a measure of what he

TELEVISION

Puff-Up Time

The time capsule recording the rot of American TV might well include the tape of the Dec. 17 *Tonight* show. Within that dispiriting 90-minute reel were a cough-medicine commercial, Phyllis Diller's laugh, and the on-the-air wedding of Tiny Tim, the fortyish boy soprano, to his 17-year-old Miss Vicki Budinger.

The heavily pressagented event had been arranged by aides of the singer, NBC, and Johnny Carson's staff, which gleefully provided the vaguely Louis XVI set and wardrobe. To build ratings, the ceremony was delayed through an insufferable hour with Diller and Singer Florence Henderson. The rites were relatively decorous—and held down to ten minutes so that there were no commercial interruptions. The cameras stayed discreetly behind the couple as they vowed "to be sweet, gentle, kind, patient, not puffed up, charitable, slow to anger and swift to forgive."

Then grotesquely, the groom escorted his bride to the familiar *Tonight* guest couch. Johnny, looking mighty puffed up in his tuxedo, greeted them from behind his accustomed desk. There followed a commercial and a champagne toast (the couple drank milk and honey). Tiny serenaded his bride and read plugs for the florist who had supplied 8,000 tulips, his hairdresser, and several other generous purveyors. After sign-off, the couple held an unruly press conference in which Tiny estimated that their kiss during the ceremony had been "about our fifth," but then proceeded to buss Miss Vicki 100 more times at the behest of the photographers.

On New York City ratings, the NBC channel pulled a record 84% of the audience and the network projected a nationwide total of 35 million viewers.

Top of the Decade

- First Kennedy-Nixon debate, 1960.
- FCC Chairman Newton Minow's "vast wasteland" speech, 1961.
- Lee Harvey Oswald murdered by Jack Ruby on-camera, 1963.
- First instant replay adds new dimension to sports coverage, 1963.
- Viet Nam War becomes the first in history to be brought directly into the living room, 1964.
- A black, Bill Cosby, co-stars in NBC series *I Spy*, 1965.
- All network shows are now broadcast in color, 1967.
- Peter Goldmark of CBS Labs announces invention of Electronic Video Recording (EVR), 1968.
- Television shows men on the moon, 1969.
- Vice President Agnew attacks the networks, 1969.

This advertisement is neither an offer to sell nor a solicitation of offers to buy any of these securities. No offering is made except by a Prospectus filed with the Department of Law of the State of New York and the Bureau of Securities, Department of Law and Public Safety of the State of New Jersey. Neither the Attorney General of the State of New York nor the Attorney General of the State of New Jersey nor the Bureau of Securities of the State of New Jersey has passed on or endorsed the merits of said offering. Any representation to the contrary is unlawful.

December 19, 1969

B. F. Saul Real Estate Investment Trust

1,500,000 Shares of Beneficial Interest
(Par Value \$10 Per Share)

Price \$11.75 per share

Copies of the Prospectus may be obtained from each of the several underwriters, including the undersigned, as are registered dealers in securities in this State.

Clark, Dodge & Co.
Incorporated

Bache & Co.
Incorporated

Bear, Stearns & Co.
Incorporated

Dominick & Dominick,
Incorporated

Goodbody & Co.

Hayden, Stone
Incorporated

E. F. Hutton & Company Inc.

W. E. Hutton & Co.

F. S. Moseley & Co.

R. W. Pressprich & Co.
Incorporated

Reynolds & Co.

Shearson, Hammill & Co.
Incorporated

Shields & Company
Incorporated

Tucker, Anthony & R. L. Day

G. H. Walker & Co.
Incorporated

Walston & Co., Inc.



Part of you is riding with him.

Help equip the team that represents you. Help train the team that represents you. Help the boys and girls win, who win for you.

Please send a contribution to: The United States Ski Team, 1726 Champa St., Denver, Colorado.



Ask about a membership in the United States Ski Association.

BUSINESS

THE ECONOMY

Cautious Santas

The lights are twinkling as brightly as ever in store windows this Christmas, but the cash registers so far are not jingling a very merry tune. Says Allan Johnson, head of Saks Fifth Avenue's 30 U.S. stores: "Shoppers are looking a lot more before they buy, and they are buying in smaller quantities." Inflation-pressed customers are also passing up the higher-priced items. Most stores are posting at least small sales increases over the 1968 Christmas season, but price boosts account for all the gains. In Pittsburgh, where reductions in factory overtime have cut some shoppers' pay, stores have been running cut-price sales in the middle of the Christmas season.

The consumer caution is due not only to inflation but also to growing uncertainty over the economy. Last week's figures disclosed continuing November declines in industrial production, housing starts and workers' purchasing power, distressingly combined with consumer-price increases that were running at a 6% annual rate. Arthur Burns, who will become chairman of the Federal Reserve Board on Feb. 2, conceded to a Senate committee that the U.S. faces a "danger" of recession. He spoke cautiously of a relaxation of the board's credit squeeze—if Congress passes a non-inflationary tax bill and President Nixon can keep the fiscal 1971 budget in balance. Despite those enormous hedges, his comments marked a considerable change in tone from his October statement that the Nixon Admin-

istration "will not budge" from restrictive policies. The stock market reacted—perhaps overreacted—by scoring its strongest rally in eight months.

Nevertheless, many retailers expect their gray Christmas to be followed by sluggish spring sales. Lawrence Goodman, a vice president of Korvette, offers a bit of cheer for the consumer: "There will be great buys in January"—when stores mark down the goods that they failed to sell before Christmas.

Quiet Purge at Goodrich

Around the Portage Country Club in Akron, Ohio, conversation these days is anxious, subdued, and addressed to one topic: dismissals of executives and white-collar workers at B. F. Goodrich Co. Since September, the fourth largest U.S. tiremaker has quietly retired or fired several hundred employees, including one vice president and many middle-aged people who have spent the bulk of their working lives with the company. The dismissals have often been abrupt, impersonal and accompanied by a minimum in severance pay.

The purge is a result of last spring's attempted takeover of Goodrich by Ben Heineman's Chicago-based Northwest Industries. Goodrich waged a successful defense [TIME, May 23] that has become a classic in corporate tactics. But Northwest emerged as the largest single stockholder, with 16% of Goodrich's shares. That was a sufficient threat to spur Goodrich's chairman, Ward Keener, to make good on his promise in the heat of the takeover battle to "improve profit margins" in 1970.

Goodrich's profits have lagged behind

CRAWFORD—REA



"WE'RE GOING TO GO ALONG WITH THE PRESIDENT'S PROGRAM TO CUT INFLATION, BENTLY. YOU'RE FIRED."

those of its prime competitors. Last year the company earned only 3.9% on sales of \$1.1 billion, compared with 6% for the industry's most profitable major operator, Firestone. After Northwest's takeover attempt, Keener, who was paid \$240,000 last year, allotted each of the divisions a profit target and rigorously trimmed back on money-losing operations. Last week, six days before Christmas, Goodrich closed down a rubber footwear plant in Watertown, Mass.—and with it went the jobs of 950 employees. In that case, the closing had been announced in July. "Let's be frank," says John N. Hart, Goodrich vice president and controller. "If we can't improve our performance, we don't deserve to survive, either as a company or as its managers."

That Uncertain Feeling. One way that Goodrich management found to improve performance was to thin out the 18,000 executive, professional and other white-collar personnel by attrition, early retirement and outright firings in Akron. Robert Sausaman, 48, an equipment buyer, recalls that, after 17 years with the company, he was given two weeks' notice and "my bare entitlement" by way of a pension. Robert L. Coon, 56, a staff photographer for 25 years, was given the option of \$10,000 in severance pay or a \$100-a-month pension. He picked the pension. One executive was offered a promotion and a raise at Goodrich, then fired three weeks later. He chose a cash settlement of \$23,000 instead of a \$135-a-month pension. Most of the dismissed employees have found other jobs.

Goodrich made no announcement of the firings and Akron's *Beacon Journal* neglected to report the biggest potential story in town. The company secrecy was deliberate policy, and so was the uncertainty created among those who

BURTON BERENSKY



EMPTY AISLES AT BEST'S IN MANHATTAN LAST WEEK
After a gray Christmas, prospects for a sluggish spring.

stayed. "I hope some of them will look into their performance and realize they could do better," says J. Wade Miller, vice president for personnel and organization. But there could be less favorable results for Goodrich, and not only in the loss of local good will in a community that backed the company in its struggle with Northwest. One group of white-collar workers, seeking job security, has asked to join the United Rubber Workers, which already represents 12,500 Goodrich factory hands. The union is now considering a full-scale organizing drive among Goodrich's office employees.

Bad Risk in Schools

In 1967, the Kemper Insurance Group outbid nine other companies for the policy to cover Indianapolis' 123 schools against fire, vandalism and other risks. The school board paid its \$126,000 annual premium and had only one major claim—\$101,000 for windstorm damage. Last week the board was searching for new coverage. Kemper announced that after the Indianapolis policy expires on March 1 it will not be renewed.

Company spokesmen contended that Kemper had no choice. To reduce its own risks, the company had passed on 75% of the \$576 million policy to a pool of 15 other insurance firms. Because of growing vandalism in U.S. schools, which last year suffered \$200 million in equipment damage, the pool decided against renewing the policy, even though Indianapolis itself has had little vandalism.

Schools in New Brunswick, N.J., hard hit by vandalism and racial turmoil, were forced to close for a day last October when Chicago's Continental Casualty Co. refused to renew coverage. Elsewhere, premium rates are rapidly inflating. Atlanta's school fire insurance costs rose from \$60,000 to \$200,000 last year. Nolan E. Allen, business manager of the Indianapolis school system, wonders about the reasoning behind insurance. "A company says that it wants to take care of you when there is a risk," he muses. "But when you do have a risk, it says goodbye."

Who Can Afford Manhattan?

Executives of Fantus Co. have helped so many companies find sites for new plants or offices that they have built the world's largest industrial location service. Last week they concluded that they have been in the wrong place themselves. They decided to move Fantus' headquarters out of Manhattan to South Orange, N.J.—following such firms as General Foods, American Can and PepsiCo, which have shifted large operations outside the city.

New York City, says Fantus President Leonard Yaseen, is just no place to work. Yaseen gives it a low rating for reasons as varied as crime, air pollution, strikes, employees' attitudes toward work and operating costs. He cites high and rising city income and oc-

cupancy taxes, as well as office rents of up to \$15 a square foot in midtown Manhattan v. \$7 in the suburbs. Clerical workers commonly put in only 35 hours a week in Manhattan v. 40 in some nearby towns, and their turnover rate averages 34% a year, against 15% in Stamford, Conn. Worst of all, Yaseen reports, it is becoming almost impossible to attract middle-level executives to New York, because living costs average 40% higher than in, say, Dallas or Nashville and 12% higher than in Chicago, Los Angeles, Philadelphia and Detroit. He figures that in the next ten years, "advertising agencies, banks, brokerage houses and shipping companies will not move out, but it is likely that many of the others will."

The city's economic development administration has tried to dismiss Fantus' move as a publicity stunt. The administration's chief, D. K. Patton, a former Fantus vice president, suggests that Fantus thinks it can boost its business by persuading companies to relocate. Outside opinion tends to support Yaseen. The National Industrial Conference Board reports that the chiefs of some major companies are thinking of offering executives whom they try to lure to Manhattan a "New York cost-of-living differential."

OIL

A Gas for Cleaner Air

Gasoline ads have generally ignored air pollution, concentrating on better mileage and higher performance for engines. Last week Standard Oil of California began to use pollution control as a promotional tool. It will market a variety of its Chevron gasoline that, it says, will help produce cleaner air. The

gas contains an additive called F-310 that, according to claims, holds down the engine deposits that cause deterioration of emission-control devices and removes accumulated deposits. The additive will also, of course, "reduce fuel consumption, improve performance and cut maintenance." To be introduced in California and Hawaii next month, it will cost no more than present gas.

GOLD

Fixing a Floor

On the London market last week, the price of privately traded gold dipped to \$34.80 per ounce for the first time since it was free to find its own level 22 months ago. The decline, from a high of \$43.80 as recently as last March, represented a resounding defeat for speculators and for theorists who had argued that the official price of gold should be raised and the dollar should be devalued. It was a victory for the U.S. and for those money men who believe that gold's power in world affairs should be diminished.

U.S. officials, far from celebrating their victory, were negotiating an arrangement to prevent the free-market price from dropping below \$35. They intended to do so by loosening up the U.S.-inspired boycott against South African gold. Under the boycott, central banks had bought hardly any South African gold; this had forced South Africa to sell on the free market, driving down the price. But as the free-market price skidded, European central bankers feared for the value of their own gold reserves. In addition, the Europeans wanted to bring some new South African gold into the international monetary system in order to lessen their dependence on U.S. dollars as a reserve currency.

Secret Meeting. Since the Europeans had made the victory possible by agreeing not to buy South African gold in the first place, the U.S. could hardly refuse their request to ease the boycott. For its part, South Africa was ready to sue for peace. Its 1969 trade deficit reached an estimated \$700 million by October, largely because of imports of machinery needed to modernize its economy. Unless the South African government could sell more gold at a good price, it would have to either 1) pursue risky policies of austerity and deflation during an election year, or 2) restrict imports of machinery and compensate by upgrading the skills of black African workers.

At a secret meeting last week in Rome, South African Finance Minister Nicolaas Diederichs and Paul Voleker, U.S. Treasury Under Secretary, framed a compromise. It would permit South Africa to sell a certain amount of new gold to the International Monetary Fund whenever the country's balance of payments was in deficit and the free price sank to \$35 or less. The I.M.F. would pay the official price of \$35 and could

Top of the Decade

- ▶ The longest U.S. economic expansion begins—an eight-year advance, 1961.
- ▶ The great electrical price-fixing conspiracy brings jail sentences for seven executives, 1961.
- ▶ Congress enacts President Kennedy's \$11.5 billion tax cut, a victory for Keynesian economic policy, 1964.
- ▶ President Johnson's decision to avoid raising taxes launches the current inflation, 1966.
- ▶ The Kennedy Round of tariff cuts stimulates huge growth in world trade, 1967.
- ▶ National Alliance of Businessmen is created to find 500,000 jobs for the hard-core unemployed, 1968.
- ▶ Private U.S. investment abroad passes \$100 billion, double the 1960 level, 1968.
- ▶ Japan forges ahead of West Germany to become world's third greatest industrial power, 1968.
- ▶ Oil discovery on Alaska's North Slope opens the 49th state to great economic development, 1968.
- ▶ The first international form of money, the Special Drawing Rights, is created, 1969.

then resell the metal to central banks. The deal would provide a floor under the gold price, and something of a ceiling as well. Since the I.M.F. would buy only a little gold, South Africa would have to sell most of its metal on the free market, and that would tend to hold down the price.

Stiff Price. The deal brought an angry response from Congressman Henry Reuss, chairman of the Joint Congressional Subcommittee on International Exchange and Payments. He said that the U.S. "would pay a stiff price for any compromise with South Africa." A floor under the private price of gold, he argued, would encourage speculation by taking the risk out of it, and would possibly tempt foreign bankers to demand conversion of their dollar reserves into gold.

Since all dealings will be made through the I.M.F., Reuss can do little to block the agreement. Moreover, the Europeans wanted the deal and, as one Treasury official put it, "we have to live with these people." Nonetheless, the compromise represented a setback in the world's steady progress toward replacing gold with other forms of reserves, including the I.M.F.'s special drawing rights, and relegating the metal to the status of the "barbarous relic" that John Maynard Keynes held it to be.

BANKING

New Boss for the Biggest

For the officers of many major corporations, the man to see about a particularly complicated loan has been Alden Winship Clausen, vice chairman of the San Francisco-based Bank of America. Outside the corridors of corporate power, however, Clausen is almost unknown. He belongs to few clubs and, unlike many bankers, has never headed a Chamber of Commerce. From now on, he will operate more in the public eye. Last week Bank of America directors chose "Tom" Clausen, 46, to become president and chief executive of the world's largest commercial bank.

Move Them Up Fast. He will be a contrast to his predecessor, Rudolph A. Peterson, who has reached the mandatory retirement age of 65. Peterson is gregarious; Clausen is reserved. In conversation, Clausen uses few gestures and speaks to the point without small talk, though an occasional boyish grin prevents his manner from seeming cold. He plans his day carefully during the half-hour morning train ride from his home in suburban Hillsborough, gets into the office by 8 o'clock. He says he makes decisions by listening carefully to all the facts that subordinates present and then weighing not only the facts but "my assessment of the people who are making recommendations." One of his current judgments is that the slowdown in the economy will cause interest rates to decline gradually.

Clausen grew up in Hamilton, Ill., where his father, a Norwegian immi-

grant, owned and edited the local paper. He studied law at the University of Minnesota (LL.B., '49), and got a part-time job counting cash at the Bank of America while preparing for bar exams. After he passed, he decided to become a banker rather than a lawyer. He rose rapidly through a succession of lending jobs, many of them involving the financing of corporate mergers and takeovers. Clausen owes his big promotion partly to the fact that he is eleven years younger than his chief rival, Executive Vice President Clarence Baumhoffer. The bank has been moving up young executives fast, a trend that Clausen has helped to further. Though he usually lunches with customers, he saves a couple of lunches a month to become better acquainted with younger managers. "The managers of tomorrow will be far younger than the managers of today," he says. "This is not a matter of in-



PETERSON & CLAUSEN
Tomorrow, much younger managers.

tellect but of exposure to worldwide activities. Our people mature a lot more quickly than they did before the age of mass television communication."

Not for Profit Alone. Clausen's main challenge will be continuing the bank's phenomenal expansion. During Peterson's six-year tenure, assets have risen from \$14.7 billion to more than \$25 billion, and the number of foreign branches has expanded from 44 in 1966 to 96 now. Four years ago the BankAmericard operation counted 1,300,000 cardholders in California; it now has 27.5 million cardholders in 48 states and 40 foreign countries, and is adding a million new customers a month.

Lending Specialist Clausen intends

to put more emphasis on attracting deposits, a task that he feels bankers have overlooked lately while concentrating on expanding loans. He also has shown considerable sensitivity to community social problems, arguing that business cannot live by profit alone. For example, he helped to plan a \$100 million program of home loans to members of minority groups. "Our businesses do not exist in a vacuum," he says. "They will live or die in accordance with the kind of environment in which they operate."

SOUTHEAST ASIA

The Muddled Mekong

After the war in Viet Nam finally ends, what will be done to bind up the wounds and lift the impoverished economy of the whole region? Remarkably, much has already been accomplished. Leaders of four of the nations that share the Indo-Chinese peninsula—Thailand, Cambodia, Laos and South Viet Nam—have buried deep political antagonisms and have been swept up in what they call the spirit of the Mekong. They envision a vast project to harness the Mekong River for power, irrigation and flood control; that could enable the region to grow enough food to feed much of Asia and attract foreign investment to the participating countries. The 2,600-mile Mekong, the world's eleventh longest river and one of the least used, rises in the Himalayan plateau of China near Tibet, plunges turbulently through the mountain gorges of Yunnan, and emerges to divide and water the Indo-Chinese peninsula. Local leaders speak lyrically of the Mekong development project, expecting that it could do for Southeast Asia what the Tennessee Valley Authority did for the South-Central U.S.

Downgrading in Washington. Working under the United Nations for twelve years, the four countries have raised \$175 million, nearly one-third among themselves and the rest in loans and grants from 26 other countries, to finance hydroelectric projects, bridges and engineering studies. The U.S. has spent about \$36 million. Thailand has completed two dams, Laos is working on the big Nam Ngum Dam, and Cambodia has begun a power and irrigation project near Phnompenh. Now the most ambitious project of all is ready for financing: the \$1 billion Pa Mong Dam between Thailand and Laos. The dam, the first to span the Mekong itself, will generate more electricity than Egypt's Aswan Dam. Despite the solid advances, however, the Mekong plan's future is in doubt.

The immediate cause for concern involves the safety of men on the job. Though the North Vietnamese have generally refrained from attacking the workers, some other Communists have been less considerate. Pathet Lao troops shot up a U.S. training camp two miles from the Nam Ngum Dam site



in Laos, creating apprehension among Japanese engineers and foremen. A brighter sign is that Communist forces privately promised not to bother the Lao-tian workmen.

A more serious problem is financing. President Nixon has given the Mekong project less support than Lyndon Johnson did. Washington has shortsightedly refused South Viet Nam's request that the U.S. contribute one-fourth of the money to build a \$22 million bridge across the Mekong in the southern delta. U.S. officials contend that security problems and the cost of Vietnamizing the war make bridge-building unrealistic now. They deny any change in policy, saying that Nixon is simply waiting for the war to end.

Executive Infighting. The most damaging threat to Mekong development has come from the United Nations. Eager to borrow big money from Robert McNamara's World Bank and other international banks the U.N. shook up the Mekong management two months ago in a way intended to heighten its appeal to Western capitalists and Asian Communists alike. Dr. C. Hart Schaaf, 57, an outspoken and visionary Indiana professor who in ten years as chief executive became known as "Mr. Mekong," was reassigned to Ceylon. U.N. executives felt that the chief should be non-American, particularly if the project is ultimately to draw the support of North Viet Nam. They selected Switzerland's Victor H. Umbrecht, head of CIBA Ltd., the drug manufacturer.

What made management sense to the U.N. did not conform to Asian values. Project members favored the imaginative and inspirational Schaaf. As for being palatable to the Communists, Schaaf says: "We want to produce irrigation and power for the people of

the Mekong basin. We don't give a damn what their politics are." Representatives of the four nations refused to accept Umbricht, threatened to sever ties with the U.N. and hire their own man, an Asian from one of the Mekong countries. They finally approved William Van Der Oord, a U.N. official from The Netherlands—but only on an acting basis. The Mekong Committee insists that any permanent replacement for Schaaf must agree to remain with the project indefinitely. The U.N. is unlikely to agree to this ultimatum, and the bickering has probably made fund raising more difficult. The tragedy is that the Mekong project has reached the takeoff point, and official indifference in Washington and executive infighting at the U.N. could severely mar the grand design.

ADVERTISING

The Unlikeliest Product

In marketing, the key to growth is anticipating, even creating, demand for new products—and some of them surpass yesterday's wildest fantasies. Four-color, full-page advertisements for one such item have been appearing in *Mademoiselle*, *Harper's Bazaar*, *Cosmopolitan* and other publications. An unclothed, deadpan model looks out from under the slyly provocative headline: "Relax. And Enjoy the Revolution." The product is Cupid's Quiver, a \$3.50 package of twelve sachets of liquid double concentrate that is offered in two floral scents (orange blossom and rose), as well as two flavored scents (raspberry and champagne). The ads were created by Champagne Inc., a relatively sober agency that includes among its accounts IBM, Danon Yogurt and Fruit of the Loom. Vogue banned any hint of the flavors, and the ad in that magazine showed only the floral scents.

Cupid's Quiver is sold in pastel packaging from cosmetics counters instead of drug shelves. It was introduced nationally in August, and sales in the first two months climbed to \$250,000—a total that would please any marketer of a new drug or cosmetic. It has had little trouble moving into better-known stores, including San Francisco's I. Magnin, Washington's Woodward & Lothrop and Brooklyn's Abraham & Straus. Phil-

adelphia's Strawbridge & Clothier declined to advertise the product publicly but included 75,000 brochures for the item in the monthly statements that it mails to customers.

It Began Underground. The product's prospects were further heightened last month when Tawn Limited, a subsidiary of McKesson Laboratories, the giant drug wholesaler, bought the production and distribution rights. Until then, Cupid's Quiver was produced by Joseph Laboratories in Los Angeles, a tiny, one-product firm formed this year by Hylton Socher, a public relations man, and Harvey Meyerhoff, a graphics designer. They had acquired the product from Michael Intrator, a musician, who had developed it. For a time, he sold Cupid's Quiver through ads in the Los Angeles *Free Press* and other underground newspapers.

To gain a wider market, Socher and Meyerhoff interested Marsteller in handling the advertising account. Vice President Robert Carpenter, who until then had worked on campaigns for such items as laundry products and hand tools, recalls that his immediate reaction to the Cupid's Quiver assignment was "total shock." But, he adds, "once I looked into it more, I began to see it was possible." Marsteller tested the product, the name and the advertising on four panels of women, from conservative matrons to young "sophisticates" (including a movie producer's daughter and a topless dancer). Most of the panelists liked the idea, though some recommended eliminating heavy, sweet flavors, like peach rum. The manufacturer took their advice.

Tawn's immediate strategy is to build the product's image by selling it through as many prestige outlets as possible and then move it heavily into drugstores. The only loser in this unlikely success story is Marsteller. Tawn executives last week switched the \$500,000 account to Kane Light Gladney Inc., which is McKesson's ad agency.



CUPID'S QUIVER AD
Overcoming total shock.



MATTHAU & STREISAND IN "DOLLY"
From a solitary yarn.

Echolalia

Fred Allen once recalled a man whose hobby was collecting old echoes. Composer Jerry Herman easily fits that description: his score for *Hello, Dolly!* seems to contain the strains of nothing but borrowed melodies. Indeed, even his title song was publicly conceded to be derived from another tune by another man.

The film adaptation of *Hello, Dolly!* matches Herman's contribution. Michael Crawford playing the young clerk, Cornelius Hackl, self-consciously recalls Stan Laurel. As Horace Vandergelder, the richest and meanest man in Yonkers, N.Y., Walter Matthau is doing Walter Matthau as he used to be in B pictures, moving through the production like a man with a strong distaste for all around him. As for the lead, Barbra Streisand oscillates between postures: now Mae West, now Lena Horne, now broadly elegant, now flying her Yiddishkeit.

If the echoes sometimes blend into a solid chorus, credit must be divided between Director Gene Kelly and his choreographer, Michael Kidd. Ernest Lehman's script is based on the Broadway musical (which was based on Thornton Wilder's farce *The Matchmaker*). It is woven from a solitary yarn. Matchmaker Dolly Levi sets great store by Horace Vandergelder's feed and grain store and decides to snare him for her own. She does. Curtain. In between their coy run-around, tiny complications arise. None of them matter, but several are the premises for blithe and sumptuous dance numbers. The most kinetic, *Dancing*, is happily reminiscent of the old MGM musical *It's Always Fair Weather*, starring

CINEMA

a couple of guys named Gene Kelly and Michael Kidd.

Hello, Dolly! could have used those personalities on screen. Instead, it relies almost exclusively on the celebrated eyes, ears, nose and throat of Streisand. Her musicianship remains irreplaceable. But her mannerisms are so arch and calculated that one half expects to find a key implanted in her back. Still, the Widow Levi is by way of becoming a classic repertory role. Over 50 women have played her on Broadway and in road companies. The stage version is less than 300 performances away from the longest-running musical record held by *My Fair Lady*. It now stars Pearl Bailey, who heads an all-Negro company. Until the topless or the all-nude version comes along, a windup *Dolly* will have to suffice.

Tarnished Cherub

In folk tales, the power that changes a frog to a prince is called magic. In life, it is known as nostalgia. Wrapped in it, a newspaper becomes an illuminated manuscript, a vulgar city is transformed into El Dorado. Ben Hecht, once one of the highest-paid scenarists in Hollywood, had a nostalgia factory for a brain; what went in as the apprenticeship of a yellow journalist emerged as gilded celebrations of innocence.

The resultant movie, *Gaily, Gaily*, is a kind of *Tom Jones* in Chicago, a broad-shouldered knockabout farce that has no business being so comic—but is hugely funny because of Director Norman Jewison.

As young Ben, Beau Bridges (son of Actor Lloyd Bridges) plays the hero with the numbstruck charm of a tarnished cherub. Ben believes totally in America's favorite myth: the up-from-nothing success story. So believing, he becomes living proof of that other American truism: there's a sucker born every minute. Ben runs away to Chicago, sin



BRIDGES & GIRL IN "GAILY, GAILY"
From the old nostalgia factory.

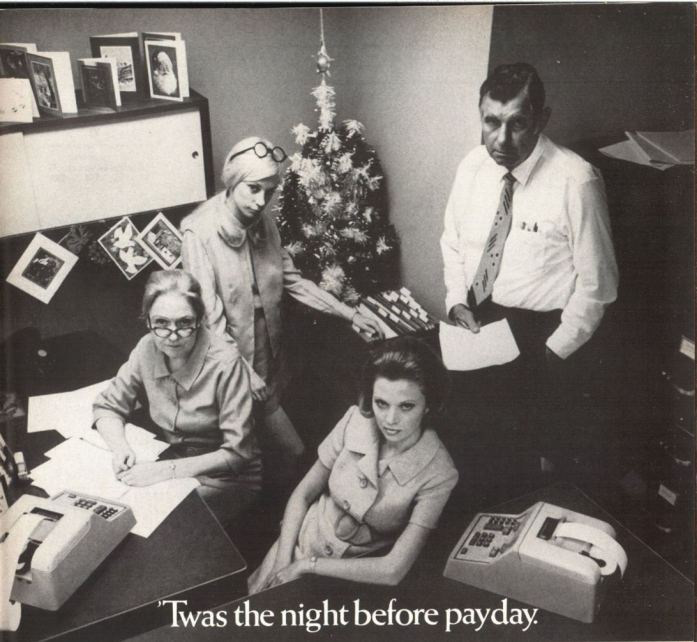
city, carnival to a million pickpockets in wheat, meat and railways. Picpockets, exposure and starvation nearly do him in until the boy comes under the wing of a municipal madam named Queen Lil (Melina Mercouri). Lil's most valued friend is one Francis X. Sullivan (Brian Keith), a gruff newspaperman who booms about integrity and who would sell his grandmother for a headline.

In Jewison's *The Russians Are Coming*, Keith began a new career as a deadpan comedian. Now, teamed with Bridges, he gives the liveliest performance of his career as an agnostic Catholic and whoremaster-repentant whose right hand has not consulted his left for 40 years. The pro and the amateur barge around the gaudy streets of a meticulously reconstructed 1910 Chicago, hungry for trouble. Ben treats each new experience as if he were staring down the well of life. One time he falls in and drowns. But if life is a cheat, death is a double-dealer. On a morgue slab, Ben is given a dose of Adrenalin by a quack. In an outrageous parody of the Lazarus scene dear to so many biblical spectacles, Ben rises, so full of life that he quivers like a tuning fork for hours.

Like Ben, Abram S. Ginnes' manic screenplay brims with hellishly good intentions that never quite come off. Jewison has thus been forced to pare his film drastically. Plot and continuity skip along in a flurry of quick cuts and undeveloped skits. Perhaps it is just as well. Hecht was invariably sodden with sentimentality except when he wrote with a collaborator—as in *The Front Page*. In editing *Gaily, Gaily*, Jewison has played a latter-day Charles MacArthur to Hecht's Hecht.

Top of the Decade

- ▶ Godard's *Breathless* and Fellini's *La Dolce Vita* open in the U.S., 1961.
- ▶ *Dr. No* is released, starting the James Bond wagon, 1963.
- ▶ *A Hard Day's Night* brings the Beatles to the screen, 1964.
- ▶ *Dr. Strangelove*, 1964.
- ▶ *The Sound of Music* spawns endless expensive musicals, 1965.
- ▶ *Bonnie and Clyde*, 1967.
- ▶ *The Graduate* alerts film makers to the news that more than 60% of their audience is 30 or under, 1967.
- ▶ GMRX ratings begin, 1968.
- ▶ *Easy Rider* establishes a trend toward the low-budget, personal movie, 1969.
- ▶ *I am Curious (Yellow)* makes the X-rated, sex-sated movie a nationwide phenomenon, 1969.



"Twas the night before payday.

And all through the office, every creature was stirring.

You see, it was that time of the year again.

When a small business has to get out not only the payroll.

But the W2 forms and year-end reports as well.

Chances are that people in the office have to work after office hours.

If you're like most businessmen, you've been confronted by this problem.

But now you can solve it with a new

computer especially designed for small businesses.

System/3. The small business computer.

With System/3, you'll be updating and storing payroll information all year long. On tiny punched cards that can soak up more information than those three times their size.

When W2 time looms ahead, just ask your system for the information.

In minutes, out come the W2 forms. All printed and ready to go.

With System/3's help, you can turn your inventory. Not just store it.

You can figure out what's selling. And what isn't.

You can age your receivables. Keep

weekly (or monthly) sales records. Identify sales trends based on what's happened in the past.

With System/3 you can rest assured. That the night before payday will be for all a good night.

System/3. The small business computer.



IBM.

BOOKS

Visions and Visitations

MEN AND ANGELS by Theodora Ward.
241 pages. Viking. \$7.50.

Even the entirely godless—provided they are not entirely artless—know that Christmas began with an angel. The soaring radiance of medieval and Renaissance art turned again and again to the Annunciation and the astonishing moment when Gabriel first appeared to Mary with the slightly scandalous news that she was about to become the mother of Christ. Multiplied and modified by commerce, these and kindred images

NATIONAL GALLERY OF ART



ANNUNCIATION BY VAN EYCK (DETAIL)
Up and down in the innermost world.

—of angels flying, angels tootling on long trumpets, angels simply adorning—have become as much a part of worldly Christmas as street-corner Santas. And when the New Year comes, they seem as swiftly and easily forgotten.

They deserve better, even from 20th century man, says Critic and Biographer Theodora Ward. Modest, scholarly, at times profoundly thoughtful, her new book traces the story of angel visitations through theology, philosophy and art from angelic beginnings in Jewish and Christian scriptures up to the present. Miss Ward's conclusion: angels are in for a renaissance.

Male or Female? The author's literary pilgrimage takes her through diverting patches of angelic lore. Biblically speaking, most angels are confined to the hierarchical ranks in heaven—seraphim, cherubim, thrones, dominions, powers, etc. Only the lowest ranks, archangels and angels, have ever had contact with man, appearing as messengers and ministers of God, especially at crucial moments when things had to

be done that defied human logic—opening the Red Sea, for example, so that the children of Israel could pass. But no scriptural source deals adequately with such practical matters as what angels wore, what they really looked like, what sex, if any, they possessed. Man was left to imagine these details according to need and fashion.

The three angels who dined with Abraham are not described in *Genesis*. Early Christian painters presented them as strong, manly figures who greatly resembled Abraham. But angels were swift travelers and miraculous beings. By the 4th century A.D., Abraham's visitors had permanently acquired wings and halos. Much thought was given to the thorny question of whether angels were male or female. That dilemma was resolved by St. Thomas Aquinas in 1272, who reasoned that angels could assume whatever aspect they liked but had no bodily functions. Hence they were neither male nor female.

The advent of science eroded angelic prerogatives. So, surprisingly, did the rise of Protestantism. Luther and Calvin believed in angels; but Luther prayed God not to send him angel visions because they distracted him. And both men were dedicated to downgrading angels, the Devil, the Virgin Mary—anything and everything that cluttered the image of God as an all-powerful being.

Sea of Sentiment. The most inhospitable age toward the heavenly hosts, according to Miss Ward, was the post-Darwinian 19th century. Religion had unwisely chosen to do literal battle with evolutionists about the creation—and roundly lost. Science, reason, progress, all crudely conceived of as panaceas, became the new gods. Anyone who saw visions, angelic or otherwise, was plainly cracked. "The idea of the angel," Miss Ward writes, "became more and more detached from its religious background and floated on the sea of sentiment that flowed from the purely secular romantic movement." "Angelic" became a precious adjective applied exclusively to women and babies.

Miss Ward does not seem overly cast down by the decline of the role of angels as formal messengers of God within a codified religion. For in tracing the personal experiences of men with angels, her real sympathies and many of her pages are given to the mystics Jakob Böhme, Emanuel Swedenborg and, more recently, the German poet Rilke. In the 17th century Böhme's visions taught him that spirit and matter interpenetrate and surround man and nature. "The holy angels," he wrote, "converse and walk up and down in the innermost world." For Rilke, struggling with personal despair before World War I, angel visions, overwhelming, beautiful, threatening, appeared as anything but comforters. They were beings exhorting him and all mankind to a task, which

he thought of as "transformation." Miss Ward links Rilke to Teilhard de Chardin and his conception of man's part in the ultimate goal of evolution—"the spiritualization of the earth."

Unlike the mid-19th century, the mid-20th has few illusions about the omniscience of reason or the inevitability of progress. In the current leaning toward mysticism and occultism, Miss Ward optimistically sees a greater openness to inner truths—and a great opportunity for angelic influence. Their real power, after all, is not as messengers of God but as profound and enduring symbols from the subconscious, where modern men must wrestle with the still mysterious forces that move them and the world.

EPISCOPAL MUSEUM, VICI



VISITATION KISS OF ELIZABETH & MARY
Ways and means of merging souls.

Lip Service

THE KISS SACRED AND PROFANE by
Nicolas James Perella. 356 pages. University of California Press. \$10.95.

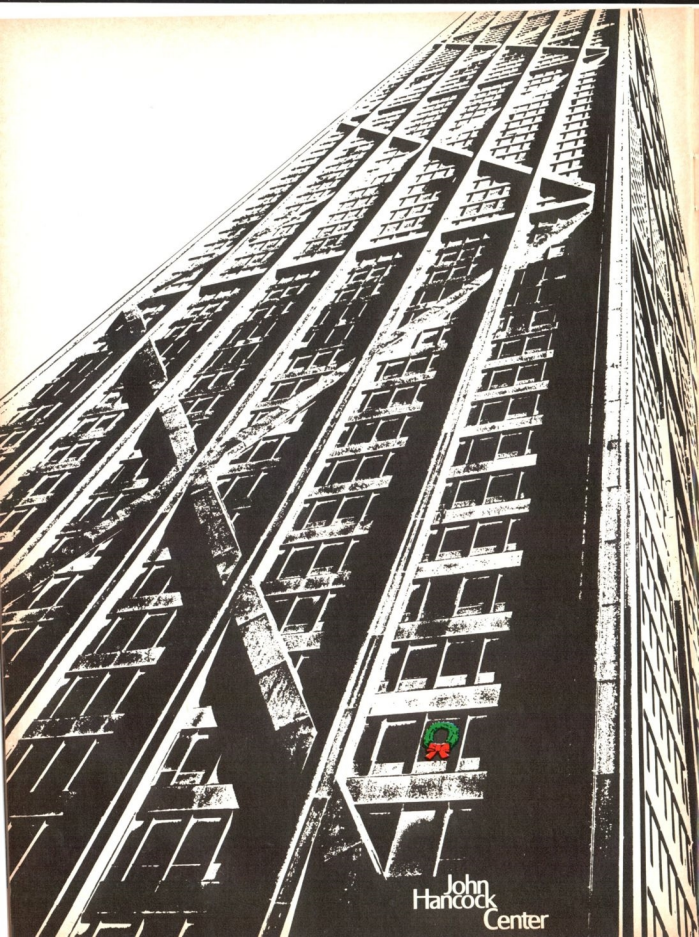
Before a reader gets too cozy with Professor Perella's explication of the religious kiss symbolism in Western culture, it should be noted that not everyone has found mutual labial stimulation appealing. To the Chinese, for example, kissing had revolting associations with cannibalism. Even Dr. Freud seemed standoffish when he observed in his essay, "The Sexual Aberrations," that the lips are composed of mucous membrane and constitute the entrance to the digestive tract.

Fortunately, love conquers all, including clinical details. It even manages to overcome the index-card scholarship of the author, a professor of Italian literature at Berkeley. Yet despite the innate beauty of its subject and its careful grooming by its author, *The Kiss Sacred and Profane* is the sort of book

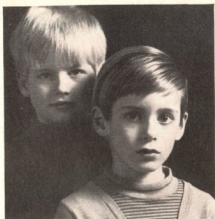


©1985 Theodore Hamm Brewing Co., St. Paul, Minn.

Waldech is not generally available. But, if you appreciate beer, it's worth looking for.



John
Hancock
Center



"Dad, can we have \$36,000 for college?"

Ten years from now, it may take as much as \$36,000 (maybe more) to see two youngsters through four years of college.

A lot of money? Sure. But when you have ten years to save for it, it's within reach.

That's where The Northern Trust comes in. We make it easier for you to save successfully. Like helping you arrange to have dividend checks mailed directly to your account. Or transferring funds from your checking account

on a regular basis. Or providing you with a reminder coupon book that lets you know when a deposit is due. We even help you "corral" loose change in your pocket with coin cards and banks. And we pay postage on all save-by-mail transactions.

Whatever your long-range plan, The Northern Trust is ready to help with the biggest bankbook interest rate in Chicago. Stop in at the Bank or mail coupon for facts.

**Trust Northern...
all your money matters
matter to us.**



50 S. LA SALLE STREET AT MONROE
CHICAGO 60690 • Financial 6-5000 • Member F.D.I.C.

Northern Trust Bank, Savings Dept.
50 S. LaSalle Street
Chicago, Illinois 60690

T-1209

Please send me information on your savings account services.

Name

Address

City State Zip

All over the world, we put in plugs for performance.

**Robert
Bosch
Corporation**



Robert Bosch Corporation

Robert Bosch spark plugs and ignition and fuel injection systems power cars in some of the toughest road events in the world. They also power countless American passenger cars, buses, trucks, and heavy equipment. From tracks like Daytona and Watkins Glen to your driveway, drivers turn to Robert Bosch for quality, reliability, power, and performance.

That isn't all Robert Bosch brings across the ocean. Our Blaupunkt car radios let you in on a new listening pleasure. AM, FM, and stereo. Blaupunkt radios deliver maximum sound range and versatility from a minimum in space and weight. The Blaupunkt line also includes portable radios and car tape recorders.

You'll also find Robert Bosch on assembly lines and construction sites. Robert Bosch double-insulated industrial power tools and construction equipment includes a wide variety of jigsaws, drills, metal tools, hammers and breakers.

These products are made and marketed by over 100,000 Robert Bosch people around the world. But we're hardly strangers in the U.S. We made our first sale here in 1910. Today Robert Bosch facilities in the United States include a network of distributors and service centers from coast to coast. Our modern headquarters in suburban Chicago and our distribution centers in New York and San Francisco indicate we've been on a fast track. We believe it's just the start.

New York • Chicago • San Francisco

that one normally takes to lunch but rarely to bed.

Framing his literary inquiry with the early Christian mystics and the late Renaissance, Perella points out that the history of kissing is closely associated with the tensions between Platonic and anti-Platonic thought. At one extreme is the purity of Plato's androgynous idea that love is a spiritual passion for the whole, and that the soul—which is on the lips when kissing—seeks union with the light of perfect truth. At the other extreme are the worldly 16th century Italian, French and Elizabethan poets who jocosely dealt in sexual double entendres that poked fun at speculation upon mystical union through the lips.

Amor Interruptus. Perella views early Christians as erotic mystics. The New Testament shows Christ to have been an active kisser, though in his case it must be assumed that kissing was the religious equivalent of mouth-to-mouth resuscitation.

To some medieval mystics, the kiss seems to have been one of the higher forms of contemplation. It was, Perella says, the "terminus," not the "prelude" to love-making. As such, kissing fitted perfectly into the medieval concept that there are dynamic benefits to be had from unsatisfied physical desire. Sexual release killed love; *amor interruptus* not only kept love pure and burning but could also, as part of a cultural self-improvement program, lead the lover to moral excellence.

Eventually the idea of sexual restraint became an important element in that brocaded bag of tricks known as courtly love. But it took the cleverness of Baldassare Castiglione, a 16th century popularizer of Platonic love treatises, to humanize the conceit for sophisticated courtiers. In *The Book of the Courtier* (1528), Castiglione distinguished between sensual love and what he called rational love. Rational love, he said, puts greater emphasis on the senses of sight and hearing. He argued that as conduits for soul mergers, the eyes and ears are superior to the mouth, which responds to the inflammatory sense of touch. In effect, Castiglione legitimized bedroom eyes and sweet nothings. But at a higher level, he encouraged women to converse with men, thus helping to refine the male while at the same time raising the female's status and dignity as a human being.

Perella is not happy with Castiglione. He sees him as a sophist who robbed love of the more highly charged and riskier mysticism of earlier, passionate orthodox kissers. In fact, after dealing with Castiglione, Perella registers a marked decrease in ardor for his major subject. The concluding chapter on the Baroque end of the Renaissance is not much more than a listless compilation of variations on kissing themes embellished with poetic examples. It is almost as if the professor had tired of cultivating his index cards and longed to be out doing field work.

Select LAMB entrée supreme!

Selectivity is your privilege, your pleasure at America's finest restaurants. The ones that serve lamb. Elegant French Lamb Chops. Succulent Rack Roast. Lamb En Brochette. Indulge in a little selectivity soon. Select the night, the companion, the restaurant—and LAMB, the entrée supreme.

american lamb council

Department LCFS-669C,
620 Railway Exchange Building,
909 17th Street,
Denver, Colorado 80202



Margie, the Switchboard Operator
welcomes you

to the Hotel of La Salle Street

... where every guest is given
the V.I.P. treatment. Enjoy lux-
urious accommodations, ele-
gant dining rooms and
cocktail lounges, special
meeting rooms de-
signed for groups of
12 to 1000. The La
Salle Hotel is within
easy walking dis-
tance of impor-
tant offices,
restaurants,
shopping,
theatres.



AMERICAN EXPRESS
CARTE BLANCHE
& DINERS' CLUB

Private facilities are available for groups of from 12 to 1000.
For further information and our illustrated brochure, call or write:

TELEPHONE (312) 372-0700 • TELETYPE 222-0110



LaSalle

The Hotel of LaSalle Street
La Salle at Madison Chicago

How the Beagle Sank the Ark

DARWIN AND THE BEAGLE by Alan Moorehead. Illustrated. 280 pages. Harper & Row. \$15.

Any pleasant Sunday afternoon aboard H.M.S. *Beagle*, outward bound from Plymouth in 1831 on a scientific voyage around the world, Robert FitzRoy, her captain, would entertain his officers with readings from the Bible. A painting of such an event is one of the illustrations in Alan Moorehead's book. Depicted as a drab civilian among the scarlet naval persons present, the ship's naturalist, Charles Darwin, also clutches a Bible. The *Beagle's* Bibles contained an annotation dictated by the Anglican Archbishop Ussher, firmly stating that the Creation began promptly at 9 a.m., Oct. 23, 4004 B.C. After a five-year voyage, Darwin would show that the bishop could have been wrong by God alone knew how many million years. The *Beagle* (242 tons) would sink the Ark (of unknown displacement), and Darwin would write a new *Book of Genesis* called *On the Origin of Species*.

Half Child, Half Sage. At the outset, it seemed that only luck could have chosen Darwin for his job aboard the *Beagle*. The fox-hunting son of a prosperous Shrewsbury doctor, the young man proved a dud at school and at Cambridge. At 22, he seemed destined for what Victorians frankly called "a living" in the church. Only a chance friendship with the Rev. Professor J. S. Henslow of Cambridge, a botanist, led to Darwin's recommendation as the *Beagle's* naturalist. Chance, plus a certain amount of charm, determined that he hit it off immediately with the *Beagle's* hot-tempered Captain FitzRoy, a Tory traditionalist with a fundamentalist belief in the literal truth of the *Book of Genesis*.

Once aboard, Darwin proved immensely industrious. He climbed volcanoes and was shaken by earthquakes. He brooded upon such things as the social organization of army ants. He learned that the Fuegians ate their women in a hard winter (instead of their dogs, which could catch otter). Like a great artist, he was half child, half sage. Nothing, from tiny bugs to the giant fossilized Megatherium, was too small or great to stir his delight. He saw not only the kinship of beasts with man but the kinship of man with the beasts.

Splendor and Doubt. Doubt dawned slowly upon the incipient country parson. "At last gleams of light have come," he wrote, "and I am almost convinced (quite contrary to the opinion I started with) that species are not (it is like confessing a murder) immutable."

As Moorehead puts it in a concluding chapter to this delightful book, "the murder was out." But the public trial was a long time coming. Darwin waited 20 years to publish his conclusions in book form, setting the mind of Christian Europe into schism with ungodly phrases



**"Imagine...
knowing all those
interesting things
about money"**

"I think Harry and I are going to have a very lasting relationship."

"He's so charming. Like when he told me about the three savings accounts a savvy man at the Harris helped him set up. There's his Regular Passbook Savings Account at 4% for little things that come up. Like pendants and brooches and such."

"His Goal-Getter® Passbook Account also pays 4%, but it's for definite things like trips and cars and Christmas."

"But his big money, that's in a Golden Lion 5% Passbook Account. You use that for considered purchases like a mink-lined raincoat, a 32-foot Hatteras, or even a cottage in Scottsdale."

"Really, three savings accounts can be most persuasive when a girl has more than a fleeting arrangement in mind."

If you have something in mind for your savings, call the man with savvy—Richard Braun, 312/461-2375. Look what he did for Harry.

Golden Lion Passbook Account: \$1,000 minimum deposit. Additional deposits of \$100 or more. Funds on deposit 90 days or more can be withdrawn quarterly. Interest at 5% per year.

HARRIS Trust and Savings **BANK** 

Convenience Corners at La Salle & Monroe and Franklin & Monroe



**that's
Harris
savvy**

A scientist in charge of clinical research at a leading pharmaceutical company examines his motives.

"Do you think it's in my best interest not to know the truth?"

There are people who believe that medical researchers at pharmaceutical companies intentionally overlook some side effects or problems in order to market a product. Nothing could be further from the truth.

As scientists we deal in facts. Involved as we are with other people's lives and health, we go overboard to take every possible safeguard. Anything less would be unthinkable.

Follow the development of a new drug for the treatment of certain mental illnesses, for example. When this new compound first showed biological effects we launched a battery of studies in experimental animals. These verified early findings, so we then gave the Food and Drug Administration our basic chemical data, our animal testing results, and our plans for human testing—that all important first step where we look for side effects or toxicity and study how the drug is metabolized in healthy human volunteers. The most experienced researchers in the field conduct such studies, provide the data, and protect individual rights.

These tests revealed nothing significantly adverse, thus clearing the way for initial trials in selected ill patients. The results? Still good. Consequently, we stepped up the process with painstakingly monitored studies in a thousand patients, involving top academicians and practicing specialists in leading clinical centers. Meanwhile, animal studies

designed to uncover long-term effects continued, and work started on the production technology without which the best of drugs would most likely remain laboratory curiosities.

Detailed clinical reports underscored the value of the new medicine in treating mental illness. So, at long last, we submitted a New Drug Application to the FDA. Data on this particular product covered 46 volumes and 27,000 pages. After painstaking review by FDA chemists, pharmacologists, and physicians, approval was given for marketing, and the comprehensive job of informing the medical profession began.

Ever since, of course, there's been a careful follow-up to see if more widespread use discloses new facts, either favorable or unfavorable.

Out of every thousand chemicals tested in animals, we find eight worth testing in humans. From blackboard to pharmacy shelf, the research, development and other sophisticated procedures cost, on the average, \$7 million per major marketed product. It's a long, tedious, and expensive process. But it has one big advantage: it protects the public. If you were responsible for someone's child, father, mother, anyone's health . . . would you settle for anything less?

Another point of view . . .
Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association, 1155 15th St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20005

about "natural selection" and "survival of the fittest." Eventually, Darwin's enemies mobilized at Oxford in 1860 for a hearing—virtually a heresy trial. The guardians of the Garden of Eden were led by the Bishop of Oxford, Samuel Wilberforce, who asked Darwin's champion, T. H. Huxley, whether his grandmother or his grandfather was a monkey. Huxley briskly replied that an ape would be a better ancestor than one who prostituted his "culture and eloquence" in promulgating myths. A furious member of this feast of reason was Darwin's old captain, Robert FitzRoy, barking with rage at the blasphemous serpent he had nurtured in his naval bosom.

Samuel Butler was to describe Darwin as the man who expelled God from the universe. But Butler in truth was more worried about the popularization of Darwin's theories by "mechanistic" disciples who overstated Darwin's case. Evolution did destroy the literal biblical timetable of history. Yet there is nothing Darwin discovered that makes man less mysterious today than the biblical metaphor, "In the beginning was the Word." Alone in wonder amid the wonders of the forest, Darwin remarked: "No one can stand in these solitudes and not feel there is more in man than the mere breath of his body."

The Decade's Most Notable Books

FICTION

1. *A Separate Peace*, John Knowles, 1960
2. *Catch-22*, Joseph Heller, 1961
3. *Naked Lunch*, William Burroughs, 1962
4. *Ficciones*, Jorge Luis Borges, 1962
5. *The Golden Notebook*, Doris Lessing, 1962
6. *Pale Fire*, Vladimir Nabokov, 1962
7. *Cat's Cradle*, Kurt Vonnegut Jr., 1963
8. *The Tin Drum*, Günter Grass, 1963
9. *Herzog*, Saul Bellow, 1964
10. *The First Circle*, Alexander Solzhenitsyn, 1968

NONFICTION

1. *African Genesis*, Robert Ardrey, 1961
2. *The Children of Sánchez*, Oscar Lewis, 1961
3. *The Other America*, Michael Harrington, 1963
4. *Understanding Media*, Marshall McLuhan, 1964
5. *The Autobiography of Malcolm X*, 1965
6. *The Wretched of the Earth*, Frantz Fanon, 1965
7. *Unsafe at Any Speed*, Ralph Nader, 1965
8. *Cortesian Linguistics*, Noam Chomsky, 1966
9. *The Savage Mind*, Claude Lévi-Strauss, 1966
10. *The Armies of the Night*, Norman Mailer, 1968

Ron Rico. Isn't that him behind those Foster Grants?



Seen in glasses everywhere. But Ronrico's
a rum. Smooth, suave, sought-after for 112 years.
To know it is to love it.

©1969 General Wine & Spirits Co., NYC, 80 proof.



Ronrico Rum. The one & only.

Give your cigarette a little something for Christmas.



Put Tareyton's activated charcoal filter on your cigarette, and you'll have a better cigarette. But not as good as a Tareyton.



"That's why us Tareyton smokers would rather fight than switch!"

100's or king size